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MAY 25, 1953

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LXI NO. 21

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Shirts of "Dacron" or of "Dacron" and cotton can be worn day after day, and washed easily at night. They dry quickly, seldom need ironing, look handsome.



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Here's how **BENDIX** cuts the cost of **WOOD**

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Despite increasing use of man-made materials, wood products are more in demand than ever before. And this is due only in part to population growth. Lumbering and allied industries have met the competitive challenge by greater mechanization, which has not only speeded output but has materially lowered costs.

That is where Bendix products have proved their worth. Scores of these advanced devices now serve this industry in forests, lumber yards, building operations, plywood plants, paper mills and other processing centers. Scores more offer additional ways to speed production, cut costs and improve end products. Here are some outstanding examples:

Communications—Bendix two-way mobile radio provides the industry with its finest communication tool to date. Completely static-free in any location . . . sensitive, selective and powerful as never before, yet using no more amps than an automobile headlight, it assures reception as clear as home radio for 20 miles and more. Bendix also builds fixed stations from 2½ to 250 watts output and provides the necessary engineering aid in setting up systems. Supplementing this equipment in forests and yards is the Bendix portable packset, which weighs only nine pounds. Users say that this new, more powerful and reliable communica-

tion equipment quickly pays for itself in time-saving alone.

Engines—Stationary engines, engines for trucks and off-the-road vehicles, engines for power tools—all gain performance and dependability from products of Bendix. Bendix magnetos, from the most trusted name in ignition, assure fast all-weather starting for gasoline-powered equipment such as power saws and donkey engines. Zenith® Carburetors—standard for the heavy-duty field—add economy to engines of every size. Bendix diesel fuel injection equipment performs the same stellar service for diesel engines. Bendix® electric fuel pumps and micronic filters round out industry's top line of fuel-fueling products.



BENDIX MAGNETOS AND CARBURETORS
Increase Small Engine Reliability



BENDIX TRUCK AND TRACTOR PARTS
Lower Handling Costs

Instrumentation—Bendix creative engineering follows through to the ultimate manufacture of end products. Bendix® Ultra-Viscon, for example, measures, records and controls viscosity instantly and automatically to speed and simplify work with plywood glues, wood pulps and any other processing involving liquids. Bendix meteorological instruments, standard with weather bureaus the world over, keep check on heat and humidity conditions. And Bendix provides a long list of electronic components for automatic control of factory processes.

As you see, if you deal with wood products at any stage, you will be well advised to learn more about Bendix. And this applies whatever your business, for the Bendix engineering staff of 6000, the 25 Bendix manufacturing divisions and

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LETTERS

The U.S. Negro

Sir:

Thank you for your splendid survey of the Negro in America [TIME, May 11]. As a Negress, still in my 20s, I am old enough to remember prejudice here in New York. Now, as one of three stenographers in a firm in the Wall Street area, I am accepted as "one of the gang." I still encounter certain prejudices—people move to other seats at some lunch counters. I can't buy a giraffe at one store near my office, and occasionally I hear the word "nigger . . ." However, I must leave my position in three weeks since I am pregnant—and I have been refused admission to four hospitals in Manhattan. Yet, one of these hospitals admitted a friend at the identical time I will be due.

Yes, prejudice still exists, even in New York, but we have come a long way . . . (MRS.) DOROTHY PHYLIS JOHNSON
New York City

Sir:

Your article filled my heart with appreciation, confidence, assurance and gratitude . . .

I have confidence complete in the democratic form of government, in spite of a U.S. naval officer telling me once that "it was my hard luck for being born black . . ."

GEORGE FOWLER

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

It is the best thing I have read in years. I must admit, as a clergyman in a white church, that I had to say "Ouch!" It was not easy to read: "Negroes must slowly wrest from their white fellows . . . the privilege of praying in a white church" [and]

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TIME
May 25, 1953

Volume LXI
Number 21

TIME, MAY 25, 1953



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Exide Ultra Start is still going strong!"

*As of April 1, 1953



"It has lasted five times as long as any previous battery—has outlasted the service life of two cars and is now in its third—has had no recharge. Our patrol cars work 24 hours a day and have such extra electrical equipment as sirens, flashing lights and two-way radio."

Frank R. Whitten, Chief
South Portland (Maine) Police Dept.



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Think what Ultra Start's record in hard service means to the car owner who wants a battery

that assures both dependability and long life!

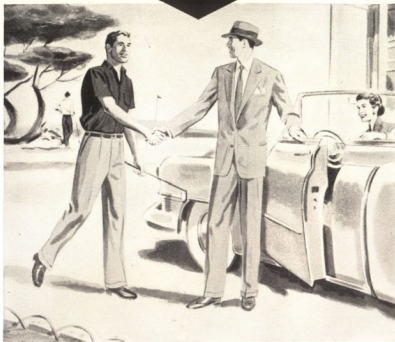
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*DuPont Trade Mark for Polyester Fiber.

"11 o'clock Sunday morning is the most segregated hour of American life."

In defense of the church, may I say... the American nation must not forget that the best and the highest principles in our country exist because we maintain a Christian society. Without this atmosphere the Negro would have little chance to raise himself up. I still hope, however, the day will come when our white churches can practice the brotherhood they preach.

(THE REV.) W. A. HAUPT

The First Methodist Church
Sylvania, Ohio

Sir:

By no stretch of the imagination can "separate but equal" facilities become a reality. The easiest way to perpetuate inequalities is to maintain separate systems. Anyone who adopts the "Uncle Tom" tactics of Booker T. Washington will be a modern "Uncle Tom."

If the basis of the "Negro problem" were moral, the conscience of the white American would have died long ago from maltreatment of a prolonged malignant illness. Not a sense of moral justice, but internal national crises, intensified by international events, are accountable for the past decade of progress.

RALPH E. JONES

New York City

Sir:

Reams of praise for your factual, concise and interesting article—too long a subject hush-hushed and regarded with apathy...

JAMES A. GIBBS

Philadelphia

Sir:

... Black or white, Americans owe it to themselves to read your article. They also owe TIME a 21-gun salute for it.

WILLIAM LOEB

Memphis

Portrait of an Indian

Sir:

It was uplifting to see a picture of a holy man (Vinohu Bhavle) on your May 11 cover, rather than the unholly and wholly unattractive Reds you have given us of late.

RICHARD R. REILLY

La Jolla, Calif.

In the Golf Stream?

Sir:

As a New Zealander, I find it curiously gratifying to deem, from your April 13 and April 27 notes about Mrs. Frank Small's hole-in-one golfing habit at Invercargill, N.Z., that readers of TIME are worldly wise and so know where and what N.Z. is.

BRUCE FALCONER

Wellington, N.Z.

Returning P.W.s

Sir:

I am surprised to notice that unusually accurate TIME Magazine erred [May 11] in referring to Pfc. James R. Dunn of Anderson, S.C. as a Negro.

W. R. DUNN

Greenwood, S.C.

Let the record be set straight: Pfc. Dunn is a white man.—Ed.

How They Got Sitting Bull

Sir:

In your April 20 issue, you... describe Sitting Bull at the time of his death (Monday morning, Dec. 15, 1890) as being "old, fat and quiet," and state: "a detachment of Indian police galloped up to his cabin... and shot him to death."

"He did not die without a fight. A pitiful



In "Alice in Wonderland," Alice and the Dormouse were talking.

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry, "and their names were Elsie, Lacie,

and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—."

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took great interest in questions of eating . . .

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice remarked gently, "they'd have been ill."

Alice had the right idea about nutrition

ALICE KNEW that no one could live on treacle (molasses) alone, or any other single food. Indeed, she had the right idea about good nutrition.

Even today, unfounded claims are made about the "magic powers" of particular foods. Such claims should be disregarded. Authorities have proved that good health depends largely on eating a *wide variety of properly chosen and properly prepared foods*. These include meat, eggs, milk, fruits, vegetables, enriched and whole-grain bread and cereals.

How much and what kinds of foods you should eat to maintain health and *desirable weight* depends on your age, your physical condition and the kind of work you do. An older person, for example, who is not physically active needs less of the foods that produce energy. He should have generous amounts of the foods that furnish protein, vitamins, and minerals essential to the upkeep and repair of the body.

Your meals, if well-balanced, will supply these and other necessary elements in the

proper amounts. Protein, for example, is needed to build and repair the tissues of the body. The vitamins and minerals are necessary because they affect or take part in many chemical processes in the body. Proteins, vitamins and minerals are found in many foods. Good nutrition depends upon eating a *variety* of such foods.

Today, scientists are learning more and more about the various food elements, such as the amino acids which are the basic components of protein. Research has shown that there are some 22 of these substances and that at least 8 to 10 of them are essential to good nutrition.

In order to obtain them, a diet varied in protein content is necessary. It has also been found that the amino acids are not fully utilized if certain vitamins are lacking. These facts all point to the importance of eating a *variety* of foods.

There is more to good eating habits, however, than simply *what* you eat. So, to help you get the full benefit from your food, here are some suggestions that you may follow:

Have your meals at regular hours.

Eat slowly and in a relaxed atmosphere.

Avoid strenuous exercise just before and immediately after eating.

See the doctor if you have frequent digestive upsets.

Have dental defects repaired promptly.

Follow your doctor's suggestions about reducing diets.

Medical science has learned a great deal about the role of nutrition in the treatment of certain diseases. In fact, proper dietary control is often helpful in treating diabetes, high blood pressure and other conditions.

The *immediate* function of your food, however, is to provide your body with the energy you need for daily activities. Metropolitan's free booklet, "Food for the Family," discusses the essential nutritive elements, tells why you need them and what foods supply them. By following sensible rules about diet you may have longer life and greater ability to enjoy it.

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How to Choose a Ball to help improve your game



Get hold of your Pro. He knows your game — and he, with the help of the Acushnet Ball Guide which he has in his shop, will select the Acushnet best for you.

There are three top-grade Acushnet balls.* They are sold through Pro Shops only — the only places golf balls should be sold. They are pictured and described below. Depending on your game, one of them is for you. Acushnet Process Company, New Bedford, Massachusetts. Producers of Precision Molded Rubber Goods for all Industry.

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Titleist... a favorite ball with home-club Pros — and over a period of years, played by more of the Big Money Tournament Pros than any other ball. Large liquid center and Dynamite Thread wound at high tension. Just about the longest, sweetest feeling ball ever made. Designed specifically for the experienced golfer.



The Great Finalist...

built for the better golfer with an easy swing and also for the golfer who swings hard but not always true. A ball of the very highest quality, but wound to a lower compression than our Titleist. Don't worry about distance — Finalist goes out there with the best of them.

The Sturdy Bedford...

here is the ball that can take it. A tough ball, but not a member of the "mush-ball" family. Quality equal to any top-grade ball made, but designed specifically for the golfer who once in a while hacks the cover half off his ball. The Bedford is probably the longest "tough" ball in the business.



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Sold the world over through Pro Shops only

*For those who want a lot of golf at a thrifty price, we recommend our Green Ray or our Pinnacle

handful of his friends battled the policemen, and 16 men were killed in the brutal fray...

To show how little his own people thought of him, out of about 5,000 on the Standing Rock Reservation, he had a following of about 150 at the time of his death, and that was the "pitiful handful" that battled the 45 policemen. It was in resisting arrest that he was shot...

I was there that morning. There is but one other policeman living (that I know anything about) who was there too. He is Lieut. Col. M. F. Steele (ret.), living in Fargo, N.Dak. He is very feeble, and over 90 years old...

MAJOR W. G. WILKINSON
(Formerly Private, Troop G, 8th Cavalry)
Clearwater, Fla.

¶ Sixteen years after defeating the Sioux, Steele was a cavalry instructor at Fort Leavenworth. One of his noted pupils: George Catlett Marshall. Steele died in February at the age of 91.—Ed.

Green Cheese Over Jersey

Sir:

Fantasy apparently dies hard, even among TIMESTERS. In your issue of May 11, you say that the "Garden State of New Jersey" is pronounced "Goddan State of New J-ch-sey." The silent r, a phonetic phenomenon typical of New York City, has admittedly, spilled across the Hudson into the only places on the west bank known to the provincials of the Big Town. In the hinterlands (all areas more than ten miles from Manhattan) live approximately 90% of New Jersey's people. These people invariably pronounce their r's, and are proud of thus distinguishing themselves from the denizens of the city of "New Yawk."

If someone should tell TIME that the moon is made of green cheese, look at him with suspicion. His story will not be true, either.

GEORGE F. MONAHAN JR.
North Plainfield, N.J.

Sir:

I would suggest that you form your opinion about the physical make-up of our state not only by looking out of train windows on a trip to Washington, but also by a delightful, refreshing tour around the southern Jersey countryside.

FRANCIS E. DAVENPORT
Pitman, N.J.

Starlit Disaster

Sir:

TIME's April 27 review of the 20th Century-Fox picture *Titanic* states that the ship went down [April 15, 1912] in a moonlit sea. There was no moonlight that night. Starlight, yes, but no moonlight. I happen to be one of the survivors...

AUGUST J. ABRAHAMSON
Brooklyn

¶ TIME's Cinema section, taken in by Hollywood lighting effects, thanks Reader Abrahamson, one of the 512 survivors (1,513 were lost), who was traveling steerage at the time as a 19-year-old Finnish immigrant.—Ed.

The Flying Bridgeman (Cont'd)

Sir:

Your April 27 cover article was greatly enjoyed by an ex-squadron mate of Bill Bridgeman's. However, Bill was wounded... at Puluwat, 120 miles west of Truk. At the time he was flying a low-level bombing mission as copilot for the squadron skipper, "Buzz" Miller. Miller later described the incident: "We were making a low-level

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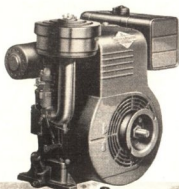
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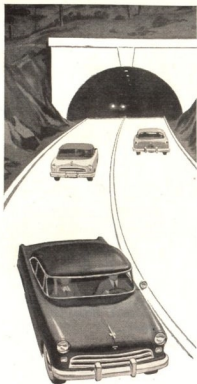
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Always use a brand of 100%
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bombing run on a radio station when a Jap three-inch shell burst over the cockpit. The explosion of the shell had kicked the blood out from under the top turret guns and depressed the barrels. . . . The .50-caliber bullets from those lethal muzzles came streaming through the greenhouse into the cockpit. Bridgeman and I could do nothing but sit there. The bullets, screaming between us from the turret above, smashed the instrument panel before our eyes and filled the cockpit with flying bits of glass and metal. The muzzle blast singed the hair on our heads and arms. Both of us bled from scores of small wounds."

ROBERT W. CONKEY
Lieutenant, U.S.N.R.

Pawtucket, R.I.

Sir:

. . . Haven't missed an issue of TIME since I've been in Korea . . . The X-3 coverage was excellent . . . Give the author a cigar.

(Pvt.) **ALVIN GOLDSTEIN**

% Postmaster, San Francisco

The Word from Mexico

Sir:

Re TIME's April 27 article on the Mexican "ants" [weathacks]: these guys go up there for the good old American dollar, for which they work. They do not go up north to get canned chicken soup, nor pink nylon panties, as these are obtained here . . . For your information Mexican women were using silk panties here long ago, while American women were still using flour-sack-cloth drawers and the "sweet paste (wonder of wonders) for scrubbing the teeth" is not an American "invention" and was obtained in Mexico long before you Americans learned that the mouth should be washed once in a while.

The northbound Mexican "ants" are not unlike the American southbound "ants" (in lesser quantities), who come here as fugitives from the automatic, monotonous daily grind only known to the American robot. . . .

MIGUEL SAN MIGUEL

Mexico City

Texas' Hobby

Sir:

In the excellent May 4 story on Mrs. Secretary Hobby, TIME slipped up in one statement. She was not the first woman to earn or receive the D.S.M. Evangeline Booth received this award from President Wilson 35 years ago for the services rendered to the armed forces by the Salvation Army.

CHARLES DOWDELL

The Salvation Army
Athens, Ohio

Sir:

After reading the . . . life story of Oveta Hobby, I'm willing to bet anybody that Rita Hayworth has had a heluva lot more fun and will be remembered just as long. . . .

R. G. OGLESBY

Dallas

The Bishop's Evening (Cont'd)

Sir:

In your excellent article on the Rt. Rev. Stephen F. Bayne Jr. in the March 23 issue there is one grievous error. Bishop Bayne did not quickly accept the bishopric of Olympia. As I remember, his acceptance came something like three weeks following his election and I well remember how all of us in the diocese of Olympia prayed that he would feel that it was God's will for him to come to us as our bishop. It was not an easy nor a hasty decision on his part. He is far too spiritual a man to assume such tremendous responsibilities without first having prayed for guidance and assurance.

(THE REV.) **DANIEL H. FERRY**
Cortland, N.Y.



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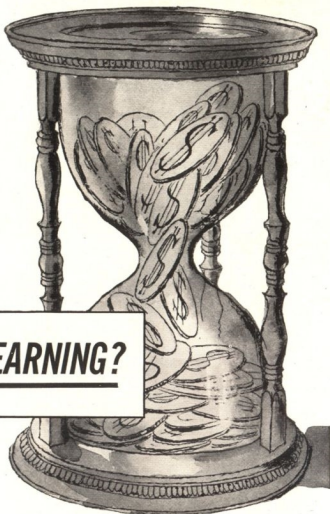
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

This week you will find that something new has been added to TIME's Business section.

At any given moment several experiments are under way in our magazine, aiming to improve and extend the service our editors render our readers. As each experiment approaches maturity, it is given a "dry run"—written and edited under actual deadline conditions for several weeks as if it were going to appear in the magazine.

If it does not pass that test, it is either abandoned or sent back to its editorial parents on the staff to be re-examined and replanned. TIME's editors are hyper-critical about any changes designed to go into the magazine. Only if in their opinion any new feature really constitutes a contribution to the understanding of TIME's readers, does it appear.

The Business section in its new form has finally qualified. It appears this week for the first time. I hope you will like it.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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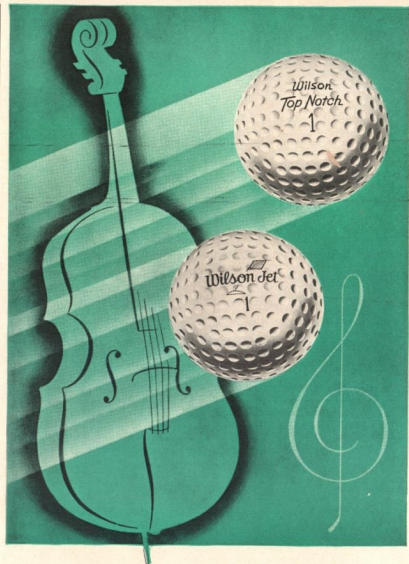
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Messages from Britain

In his last major public utterance, Joseph Stalin predicted that the Western allies would go to war with each other rather than stand together against Communism. There is no evidence and little chance that Stalin's prediction will come true. But there is a danger that the U.S. and Britain may drift apart and reach a point where their alliance becomes less effective in peacetime because of their mutual distrust. U.S.-British relations have been on the downgrade for months. Last week they reached a new low as a result of speeches in Parliament by Sir Winston Churchill and Clement Attlee (*see INTERNATIONAL*).

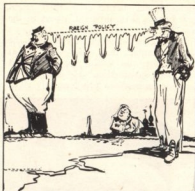
Churchill suggested that the U.S. should give in to the Communists in the Korean truce negotiations. Attlee's attack was more bitter; he said that it was a question whether President Eisenhower was really in charge of U.S. policy, and observed that the U.S. Constitution was designed for an isolationist state.

The *Washington Post*, a good friend of Britain, said that Attlee's speech was reminiscent of "Big Bill" Thompson's promises to Chicago voters that he would "punch King George in the snoot." "Our 'snoot,'" said the *Post*, "is the American Constitution, and Mr. Attlee, exclaiming that this was the cause of it all, smote it right lustily."

"Withdraw & Be Damned!" Congressional reaction was less urbane. Joe McCarthy, wild-swinging as usual, had a field day with the man he called "Comrade Attlee." McCarthy's climax: "If [the British] are trying to blackmail us into accepting a Communist peace on the ground that if we do not they will withdraw, I say, 'Withdraw and be damned!' . . . And then . . . let us sink every accursed ship carrying materials to the enemy, and resulting in the death of American boys!"

California's Bill Knowland said: "We are now face to face with the problem that our chief ally has joined with certain other United Nations members in urging a Far Eastern Munich . . . Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee . . . in effect . . . have told us . . . that if we do not accept their advice . . . we must be prepared to go it alone. So be it!"

"Moral Obligation." Illinois' Paul Douglas, in one of the best speeches of his career, went straight to the "moral



Loring—Providence Evening Bulletin
MALENKOV: "Go To It, Boys!"

obligation" behind the U.S. refusal to give up Chinese prisoners who do not want to go back into Communist clutches. Said Douglas: "There can be, in my judgment, no further compromise on this issue . . . I want the free world to stand together . . . in defense of freedom and in defense of the individual. We should not move together in acquiescence to tyranny."

Other Senators joined Douglas in supporting the U.S. position and at the same time minimizing the harm done by the transatlantic exchange of insults. The

chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Wisconsin's Alexander Wiley, called for "the steady force of patience with our allies." New Jersey's H. Alexander Smith said: "Let us be sure that the fighting words which naturally come to our lips when we think of Korea do not become weapons for Communist victory instead of our own." Kentucky's John Sherman Cooper said: "Words will pass . . . The real importance of the incident is that it shows . . . a gap between the two greatest allies in the world, and it demonstrates the necessity of closing that gap . . ."

Damage Done. President Eisenhower handled the issue with cool, good sense. He said that he would be willing to meet with Communist leaders, as Churchill demanded, provided "that the Reds showed by deeds some evidence of good faith."

In essence, the U.S.-British alliance survived the week's squall of insults as it is capable of surviving much sterner trials. But the Churchill-Attlee attacks had hurt the U.N. position in the Korean truce talks and had damaged the whole anti-Communist position, especially in Asia. Millions of Asians are as ignorant of the U.S. as Clement Attlee, and as ready to believe that the U.S. has aggressive intentions in that area.

The damage was caused in part by the U.S. failure to take seriously years of anti-American propaganda by British journalists and intellectuals. Britain's doctrinaire Socialists, especially, did their work well. London's *New Statesman and Nation*, the leading organ of dogmatic leftism, had lived to see the day when it could cheer a major postwar speech by Winston Churchill.

THE PRESIDENCY

Traveling Man

Tanned and fit from golf and trout fishing, President Eisenhower made work the week's first order of business and put in a long day and a half in his sunlit oval office. But neither his mood nor his week's intricate schedule would permit him to stay buried in the White House, and from then on for five days in a row he spent few consecutive hours in the same place.

He took his first break by giving a formal luncheon for 19 Senators and Representatives, among them his foremost congressional critic, Oregon's long-winded Deviationist Republican Wayne Morse. ("A delightful lunch, delicious throughout,"



Walter Bennett

SENATOR DOUGLAS

The free world must stand together.

Morse reported afterward, adding that the President had discussed nothing more controversial with him than hornless beef cattle.) After that, the President got into one of a shiny line of White House limousines and set out on an exploring trip: a 60-mile, two-hour journey to Franklin Roosevelt's rustic hideout, Shangri-La, in Maryland's Blue Ridge.

Sense of Debt. The next day he left his desk early again, got in 18 holes of golf at Washington's Burning Tree course. And late the following day—after holding his weekly news conference—he boarded the presidential yacht *Williamsburg* with Mamie, her mother and a clutch of aides, for a four-day cruise into Chesapeake Bay. Ike, using the *Williamsburg* for transportation rather than relaxation, was off at Yorktown Naval Mine Depot the first thing next morning to keep a brace of appointments in Virginia.

The President and his womenfolk were joined by Virginia's Governor John Battle and driven eleven miles to Williamsburg, the old colonial capital. Local citizens, dressed in three-cornered hats, blue coats and knee breeches, brought colonial muskets to present arms as the President left his car; to a roll of drums, he entered the little House of Burgesses, in which the Virginia Resolution for Independence from Britain was adopted in 1776. He spoke briefly: "I think no American could stand in these halls and on this spot without feeling a very great and deep sense of the debt we owe to . . . our forefathers."

Definition of Freedom. The President's party rode a few blocks more to the green campus of the College of William & Mary. Ike put on cap & gown, received an honorary LL.D. degree, and then, standing on the steps of the Sir Christopher Wren Building (oldest academic structure in the U.S.), addressed a crowd of 4,000 who sat on bleachers and folding chairs in the shade of giant elms.

It was an informal little talk, but newsmen read into it references to taxes ("Great minds will teach young leaders not to say, 'Of course I like liberty, and if you don't charge me more than 15% of my income, I would like to keep it'") and Joe McCarthy ("The true way to uproot Communism in this country is to understand what freedom means . . . and thus develop such an impregnable wall that no thought of Communism can enter").

The President and his party spent the night back on the yacht, which moved down the York River and anchored after he came aboard. Next day it slid into a dock at Norfolk, while white-clad sailors stood at attention on the flight decks of two flag-dressed aircraft carriers. Ike went ashore again, this time wearing a light,

Truman-like Stetson hat to 1) confer with Admiral Lynde D. McCormick, commander of the North Atlantic Treaty naval forces, and 2) play golf at Sewells Point Golf Club, where he turned in an 87.

Order of Amnesty. He got in 18 holes more at the next stop, too—the Naval Academy at Annapolis—but not before attending Sunday chapel and appearing before the brigade of midshipmen, as it gathered at historic Bancroft Hall for luncheon. He didn't, he said, know quite what to say to them on a Sunday afternoon. "If I had taken you from a mathematics or engineering class, there might have been a little different aspect to the case. But today when it is chow time . . . why, it seems a different story." Then, he added, grinning, that there would be at least a few who would "mark my visit with some satisfaction." He had just ordered an amnesty (a privilege only given

¶ Continue the present regular corporation income tax instead of allowing the 5% reduction scheduled for next April 1. The reasoning: demands of the U.S. defense budget will not permit a cut in both corporate and personal income taxes; and the President believes that personal taxes should be brought down first.

¶ Continue the social-security tax at its present rate (3% on the first \$3,600 of annual income, divided evenly between employee and employer) instead of permitting a scheduled increase to 4% to become law next Jan. 1.

¶ Continue the present excise taxes instead of permitting reductions next April 1.

In their struggle with the tax-budget problem, Dwight Eisenhower and his aides are now well aware that they inherited a solid contradiction from the Truman Administration: defense expenditures were scheduled to reach their peak in the same years that taxes were scheduled for sharp cuts. The President and his advisers ultimately decided that there was no way to cut taxes this year and still protect the defenses and the economy of the U.S.

DEFENSE

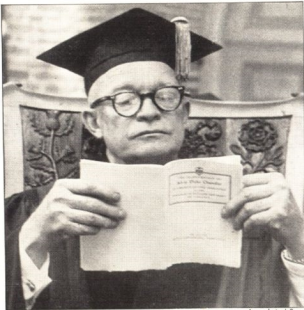
Brainerd Board

When the Truman-appointed Joint Chiefs of Staff step down during the next three months, new chiefs will be ready to take over their chairs. Two weeks ago, Dwight Eisenhower named General Nathan Twining Air Force chief of staff (*TIME*, May 18), and last week he filled out the J.C.S. roster (*see box*).

The quality of the new team reflected the care that Old Soldier Eisenhower had taken in choosing it. For chief of naval operations, the President's choice was Admiral Robert Carney, one of the Navy's heavyweight thinkers, who will displace Admiral William Fichteler, a weather-beaten sea dog who seems more at home on a deck than at a desk. As Army chief of staff, one battle-proven general, Matthew Ridgway, replaces another, J. Lawton Collins. For the chairman's job, Ike tabbed Admiral Arthur W. Radford, often rated the best brain in the armed forces, to succeed General Omar Bradley, an able wartime commander who as chairman let himself get entwined in Truman Administration politics.

Some newspaper pundits saw dark implications in Radford's appointment. His nomination was widely interpreted as 1) a victory for the "Asia First" view, 2) a defeat for the Air Force.

Billed as a Pacific Firster because he has outspokenly advocated a blockade of Red China, Radford is actually a global strategist who puts neither Europe nor Asia first. When President Eisenhower was



Associated Press

THE PRESIDENT (AT WILLIAM & MARY)
On a Sunday afternoon, a different story.

Presidents and visiting heads of state) for 360 midshipmen facing punishment for minor infractions of naval academy rules. Said Ike with lifted eyebrows: "I didn't know there were that many offenders in the U.S. Navy." The delighted middies saluted him with a roar of applause.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Tax Program

This week the Eisenhower policy on taxes crystallized into a clear-cut, five-point program. The five points:

- ¶ Extend the excess-profits tax on corporations six months from next June 30, the scheduled expiration date, and let it expire next Jan. 1.
- ¶ Allow the reduction of approximately 10% in personal income taxes, as scheduled, next Jan. 1.

THE NEW BRASS

Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff

ADMIRAL ARTHUR WILLIAM RADFORD, 57, Commander in Chief of the Pacific Fleet.

Family & Early Years: Born in Chicago, the son of a civil engineer, grew up in Grinnell, Iowa. He got into the Navy by accident when he wrote his Congressman asking for a West Point appointment. The Congressman had no West Point vacancies at the time, gave Radford a chance to go to Annapolis instead. As a midshipman, "Raddie" was a better-than-average student, graduated at 20 (class of '16), and was described in the Academy yearbook, *Lucky Bag*, as a "pink-cheeked Apollo."



Associated Press
RADFORD

Career: After four years at sea in both the Atlantic and Pacific, Lieut. Radford went to Pensacola, Fla., took up flying, did a turn later as an instructor, and in time became one of the most outspoken partisans of the Navy's air arm against the battleship admirals then in power. During World War II, still fighting for

more Navy recognition of air power, he served in Washington, planning the Navy's air operations, later won two Distinguished Service Medals as commander of fast carrier task groups in the Pacific under Admirals "Bull" Halsey and Raymond Spruance. In 1949, on duty as commander in chief of the Pacific Fleet, he led the famed "revolt of the admirals." At the congressional hearings, Radford blasted the Defense Department for sapping the Navy's offensive strength, called the B-36 a "billion-dollar blunder." At one point, the Army chief of staff, General Dwight Eisenhower, became so angry at Radford that he refused to attend a J.C.S. meeting because Radford was present. But on his trip to Korea last December, Ike got a different impression of the Pacific Fleet Commander. At a dinner in Iwo Jima, Radford held Ike and his party spellbound with a brilliant review of Asian problems and their relation to world strategy. When Secretary Wilson recommended Radford to head the Joint Chiefs, the President approved.

Personality: A rugged (6 ft., 180 lbs.), fit-looking man with close-cropped, sandy-grey hair and an airman's horizon-seeking eyes, Radford is both a hard, ruthless fighter and a military scholar. He shuns formal society, when possible, prefers a quiet evening at home, reading or tinkering with his cameras.

Chief of Naval Operations

ADMIRAL ROBERT BOSTWICK CARNEY, 58, Commander in Chief, Allied Forces, Southern Europe.

Family & Early Years: The son of a Navy commander, "Mick" Carney was born in Vallejo, Calif. A classmate of Radford at the Naval Academy, Carney was a boxer and swimmer and a superior student. During World War I, as a destroyer officer, he was cited for his part in the capture of a German submarine off the French coast.



Mark Kaufman—LIFE
CARNEY

Career: Between wars, Carney salted away years of experience both at desks and on decks. As the skipper of a cruiser in the Solomons during World War II, he was twice decorated. In 1943, he became chief of staff to Admiral Halsey. The two men made a spectacular team, were noted for their unorthodox tactics, and the staff was finally designated by Bull Halsey "The Dirty Trick Department." After the

war, Admiral Carney became commander of the U.S. Naval Forces in the Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean. He got to know General Eisenhower, then supreme allied commander, and in 1951 Ike named Carney as commander of the Southern Eu-

ropean forces. As a result of his recent European experience, Carney probably knows more about air and ground operations than any other U.S. Navyman.

Personality: Short, slim and quick-moving (5 ft. 8 in., 155 lbs.), Mick Carney looks more like a schoolteacher than an old sea dog. He wears rimless glasses, plays a guitar, and is a first-rate storyteller.

Army Chief of Staff

GENERAL MATTHEW BUNKER RIDGWAY, 58, Supreme Allied Commander, Europe.

Family & Early Years: Born the son of a regular Army officer, at Fort Monroe, Va. Reared at Army posts all over the U.S., entered the U.S. Military Academy in 1913, a solemn, hard-working cadet, he managed the football team, was known as "the busiest man in the place." Graduated in 1917, he fretted through World War I as an infantry officer at an Army post in Eagle Pass, Texas.

Career: For 22 years, Matt Ridgway lived the life of a garrison officer, climbed slowly and unspectacularly up the brass ladder. During World War II, a major general, he led the famed 82nd Airborne Division in Italy, parachuted into Normandy, later commanded the XVIII Airborne Corps in Belgium and Germany. After the war, he rocketed upward to international fame; first as commander of the Eighth Army in Korea, then as successor to General MacArthur in Tokyo, and finally as Eisenhower's successor in Paris. He is a better commander than diplomat, disappointed many European politicians by the rather rigid and unimaginative way he handled his NATO job.

Personality: A lean, leathery soldier, and a model of physical fitness, Matt Ridgway is proud of his own combat-ready ruggedness (5 ft. 10½ in., 175 lbs.). A stern, uncompromising officer, he works himself hard, runs a headquarters that is both efficient and high-strung. His favorite author: Rudyard Kipling. He has been married three times, has three children.



Dennis Schuch—LIFE
RIDGWAY

Supreme Allied Commander, Europe

ALFRED MAXIMILIAN GRUENTHER, 54, SHAPE Chief of Staff.

Family & Early Years: Born in Platte Center, Neb., the son of a newspaper editor. As a teen-ager, Al Gruenther frequently got the family paper out when his father was away, once wrote a pacifist editorial. At St. Thomas Military Academy in St. Paul, Minn., he developed an interest in the military life, decided to go to West Point. He graduated fourth in the class of 1918, just ten days before the Armistice ended World War I.

Career: In the Army, Gruenther did not attract widespread public attention until World War II, when he served as General Mark Clark's deputy in Italy and Austria. In 1951, widely acknowledged to be the finest chief of staff in the Army, he went to Paris as chief of staff to Supreme Allied Commander Dwight Eisenhower. That same year he stayed on at SHAPE under Ridgway.

Personality: Gruenther is the lightest general in the Army (5 ft. 8 in., 152 lbs.). He has a high, almost shrill voice, a quick and engaging smile. He is a demanding but a considerate administrator, plays a good game of tennis, a superlative game of bridge. Military men in all services and throughout NATO respect Gruenther as one of the shrewdest staff men alive, with a penetrating, mathematical mind that is on a par with Radford's.



Associated Press
GRUENTHER

asked at his press conference last week whether the selection of the new Joint Chiefs meant "a shift in emphasis from Europe to Asia," the President impatiently replied that he saw nothing in the Europe v. Asia argument; the world, said the President, happens to be round.

In news reports that Air Force leaders "gulled, gagged and swallowed" at the news of Radford's nomination, there was some substance. Smarting from a \$5 billion cut in their 1954 budget, many Air Force generals recalled that during 1949's great B-36 debate, Admiral-in-revolt Radford went before the House Armed Services Committee and cannonaded against "bomber generals fighting to preserve the obsolete heavy bomber."

What Radford attacked in 1949, however, was not strategic bombing as such, but "the theory of atomic blitz warfare." The U.S., he said, should give up the "fallacious concept [of] a short cut to victory"; only a combination of ground, sea and air forces, defensive and offensive, tactical and strategic, could "deter aggression [or], if war is forced upon us . . . win it in a manner which will permit ultimate establishment of a livable, stable peace."

Men who know Radford well do not believe he will carry the bitterness and partisanship of his 1949 war with the Air Force into his new job.

THE CONGRESS

Noncontiguity

Hawaiian statehood was the next item on Majority Leader Robert A. Taft's neatly drafted Senate agenda. And then, quicker than an humuhumunukunuuapua goes swimming by, the bill was set back for weeks and possibly months.

To the astonishment of almost everyone on Capitol Hill, the Senate's Interior

Committee voted, 8-7, to tack Alaskan statehood on to the Hawaii statehood bill and to hold time-consuming hearings on both questions. This move to delay the action on Hawaii was sponsored by New Mexico's Democratic Senator Clinton Anderson, who is on record for Hawaiian statehood but who wants Democratic Alaska considered at the same time. The man who made Anderson's move successful was Nevada's Republican Senator George W. ("Molly") Malone, who doesn't want statehood for either Alaska or Hawaii. His switch turned a Democratic minority of the Interior committee into a majority.

Malone objects to the proposed new states because of what he calls their "non-contiguity." Said he: "If we were to accept Hawaii, I am sure that less than 1% of the entire population would ever be able to visit the United States to observe life and conditions on the mainland."

Last week the Senate also:

¶ Passed and sent to the White House a bill to change the name of the Government-chartered Roosevelt Memorial Association to the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Association, a move calculated to "avoid confusion."

¶ Received from its Judiciary Committee a bill to prohibit the display of the United Nations flag in a position equal to or above the U.S. flag, except at the U.N. building in Manhattan.

The House:

¶ Rushed through and sent to the Senate a second "tidelands" bill, giving the Federal Government control of the underwater land on the continental shelf outside the historic state boundaries.

The New Model

Homer Earl Capehart, the onetime photograph maker from Indianapolis, was for years a target for the bitter sneers of liberals and laborites from both major parties. Last week the old critics were cheering Homer Capehart while ranged against him were such old-time friends as the National Association of Manufacturers and Robert Alphonso Taft. The issue that brought about this strange shift of forces: Republican Senator Capehart's bill to provide standby controls on prices, wages and rents.

The Bulldozer. Indiana's Capehart had been a symbol for decontrol for nearly two years. His Capehart amendment (permitting price hikes to cover all cost increases from the beginning of the Korean war to July 26, 1951) shot price ceilings full of holes and aroused the wrath of the Truman Administration. Harry Truman said it was "like a bulldozer, crashing aimlessly through existing price formulas, leaving havoc in its wake." Little wonder, then, that Capitol Hill was startled this year when Bulldozer Capehart proposed that Congress give the President power to freeze wages, prices and rents for 90 days in case of a "grave national emergency."

Fascinated Democrats and dismayed conservative Republicans watched agape as Capehart judiciously steered the bill



Walter Bennett
CHAIRMAN CAPEHART
Better than a bulldozer.

through the Senate's Banking & Currency Committee, of which he is chairman. Actually, his position was not inconsistent. The day after the Korean war began in 1950, he had proposed an immediate price-wage-freeze. His proposal was snubbed; controls were not imposed for seven months. In those seven months the wholesale price index rose by 15%, the consumer's index by 63%. These increases, Capehart argued, left no foundation for sound controls. He fought Truman's belated program every step of the way.

This year, pushing his bill along, Capehart has repeatedly pointed out that if there is a new, great emergency he wants prices frozen immediately to prevent a repetition of the 1950 inflation.

When Capehart's committee completed its work on the bill, Illinois' Democratic Senator Paul Douglas, an old Capehart antagonist, proposed that the committee vote its thanks for the chairman's fine work. Said Douglas, with admiration in his voice: "You could not serve under a better chairman. He's fair-minded, decent, generous."

The Salesman. On the Senate floor last week, one of Capehart's dismayed old friends, Utah's Republican Senator Wallace Foster Bennett, an ex-president of the N.A.M., argued that the U.S. should never again have economic controls except as "the last recourse." Bob Taft opposed Capehart on another principle. Said he: "All the time I have been in Congress I have opposed giving the President the power to declare emergencies, and I am just as much opposed now to giving that power to the present President as I was when Mr. Truman and other Democratic leaders were in control."

Looking around at his new friends and foes, Homer Capehart thought it was time to redefine his position. "I am a free enterpriser," he said. "I am so independent as a businessman, and individually, that I



John Zimmerman
COMMITTEEMAN MALONE

Quick as an humuhumunukunuuapua.

do not even like to sleep in a little room; I like to sleep in a big room. I do not want to be hemmed in from any direction . . . But in this instance we Republicans have a responsibility. We have a Republican President, and we control both houses of Congress. If during our tenure of office a grave emergency strikes, we, and we alone, will have to deal with it."

Political responsibility has changed Capehart in many ways. In his new role as a committee chairman and top-ranking member of the Senate majority, he works harder (twelve to 15 hours a day; 3,000 letters a week), but he is more relaxed and his desk is neater—it is arranged in well-defined piles, not in the huge, disorderly mounds of the opposition days. Said Capehart last week: "I'm by nature an optimist; I like to do constructive things, to produce things . . . I'd much prefer to sell something than be against."

INVESTIGATIONS

Questions for Justice Clark

Back to Capitol Hill last week went Philadelphia's smiling Irishman, Lawyer James Patrick McGranery, who was U.S. Attorney General in the last days of the Truman Administration. The House Judiciary Subcommittee, headed by New York's Representative Kenneth B. Keating, wanted to ask McGranery some questions about an earlier day. The committee was trying to find out whether the Justice Department was "improperly induced" to drop a \$185,000 million mail-fraud case against Kansas City Bond Dealer Roy E. Crummer in 1946. At that time, McGranery was an assistant attorney general under Tom C. Clark, now a Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court.

McGranery's frankness startled the committee. In three important and controversial cases in Justice in 1945-46, he

testified, normal procedure was upset and his office was bypassed. The only person who could have arranged the bypassing was Tom Clark. One case was the Kansas City vote-fraud scandal in the 1946 Democratic primary, in which there was no prosecution despite ballot-box stuffing, dynamiting and theft of evidence. Another was the famed case of the left-wing *Amerasia* magazine, which was caught with a file full of Government documents (some of them top-secret). No one involved went to prison.

The third was the Crummer case, which Clark's Justice Department dropped. McGranery said that the case, like the others, should have been routed through his office, but he didn't even hear of it until he became attorney general six years later. Said McGranery: "You can't have secrets and dispense justice behind closed doors in our system. It must be done in wide-open spaces . . . I say to you gentlemen that you cannot dismiss matters under these circumstances without leaving real suspicion, and cause and reason for that suspicion . . ."

After McGranery's testimony, there certainly seemed to be some questions for Justice Clark to answer. He is expected to be called before the committee soon.

DEMOCRATS

Don't Let Them Give It Away

After licking its election wounds in comparative quiet for six months, the Democratic Party began prowling and growling again last week. Items:

¶ In the Missouri legislature at Jefferson City, Harry Truman made his first speech since leaving the White House, promised that he would "be of some use to the Democratic Party in the future." Confining his jabs at the Republicans to the home front, he urged his hearers to "get behind the President" in foreign policy.

¶ At an Alabama League of Municipalities gathering in Montgomery, Senator John Sparkman loosed a full-blown political oration entitled "The First Hundred Days: 1933, 1953." Comparing the "dazzling brilliance" of Franklin Roosevelt's first 100 days with the "lack of firm leadership" during Eisenhower's, Sparkman accused the Administration of concocting a "Giveaway Program" (e.g., offshore oil) for "the few" and a "Take-Away Program" (i.e., hard money) for "the many."

¶ At a Democratic Party fund-raising luncheon in the capital, Washington's Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson cried: "They began with the giveaways . . . They backed away from any number of their campaign programs . . . They want to dream away the Russian menace . . . The giveaway, back-away, dream-away of 1953 will become the vote-away of 1954."

¶ Ex-Agriculture Secretary Charles Brannan told 200 newspaper editors assembled in Boulder, Colo.: "You can't produce prosperity through scarcity, but it looks as if the present Administration is going to try it."

¶ Democratic National Chairman Steve



ORATOR SPARKMAN
Louder than before.

United Press

Mitchell, off on a twelve-day speaking tour through the West, said in Tacoma, Wash. that by helping elect a "giveaway" Government in November, independents who voted Republican had "helped to turn the clock back to Hoover."

¶ An unofficial party auxiliary, the C.I.O. Political Action Committee, reported that it was keeping a record of how much time Dwight Eisenhower spends golfing and fishing. "We are not implying any criticism or any suggestion that he isn't working hard enough," a P.A.C. spokesman explained. "All we're interested in is results. We're just keeping track of this for the hell of it."

ANIMALS

Want a Smuggled Cracker?

The parrot family loves conversation, is often as prolific as the rabbit family. If one of its number is insulted he may flounce into his cage, slam the door and sulk. Psychiatrists have been known to prescribe talks between a patient and a parrot (to treat the man, not the bird). Last week there was ample evidence that U.S. citizens are again learning to appreciate the parrot family, i.e., parrots, parakeets, budgerigars, lovebirds, etc.

Some 50,000 U.S. breeders are selling 10,000 birds (mostly parakeets) a week at prices ranging from \$5 to \$1,000 a bird. Yet this booming production is not nearly enough to supply the demand. As a result, parakeet smuggling has become a big-time racket: U.S. customs officials estimate that 70,000 contraband birds were smuggled into the U.S. last year. They intercepted 10,000. The customs men have mapped the trail of an international bird smuggling ring reaching through Holland, Luxembourg, Belgium, Australia, South and Central America, Mexico and the U.S.

To bring the birds into the U.S. from Mexico, the smugglers have contrived



Associated Press

EX-ATTORNEY GENERAL MCGRANERY
Franker than expected.

some devious methods. One day last year a customs agent examining a car bound across the border into Laredo, Texas heard strange squawks in the back seat. Just the kids, chuckled the driver. The unconvinced inspector frisked the car, found that the back seat shielded a wire and wooden cage. In the cage were more than 200 parakeets which had been treated to tequila-soaked bread to keep them quiet. The treatment worked on some of the birds, but a few that could hold their liquor were standing around singing what sounded like *Auld Lang Syne*—or so the customs inspector said.

A favorite method of the smugglers is to truck the birds to some isolated spot on the border, then have wetback migrant workers carry them across to a truck waiting on the U.S. side. A wetback, fitted with a special harness and carrying cans, can haul as many as 500 birds on one trip. The racket has progressed so far that one ring of smugglers is now hijacking the feathered cargoes of another.

The federal regulation forbidding importation of psittacine birds (i.e., the parrot family) was established 23 years ago by the U.S. Public Health Service. The reason: the birds sometimes carry psittacosis, a pneumonia-like disease which attacks humans. In recent years, however, medical men have decided that the psittacines are not very dangerous. Other birds and animals carry the disease, and it can be reduced to a minor nuisance by treatment with antibiotics. After this news, many cities, e.g., New York, relaxed local bans on parrots. A psittacine had started, and the U.S. law forbidding imports got run over in the rush.

OPINION

The Strange Case

On its spring books list, Doubleday announced that it would publish *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss* by the Earl Jowitt, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain in Clement Attlee's Labor government. The book was eagerly awaited by U.S. partisans of Hiss, who understood (correctly) that Jowitt had reviewed the evidence and found the case against Hiss not sufficient to warrant a conviction by the standards of British justice. Last fortnight Doubleday announced that the book was being withdrawn; review copies were recalled, and 5,000 copies already in bookstores were collected.

"Suppression!" cried the *Daily Worker* in a front-page article designed to give the impression that enemies of Hiss had forced the withdrawal of Jowitt's book. Out of the pureness of its devotion, the *Daily Worker* misspoke. Doubleday President Douglas M. Black explained that "a serious, inadvertent factual error" had been discovered in the book. Most serious, Black admitted, was Barrister Jowitt's "misunderstanding the complicated time sequence in Whittaker Chambers' book, *Witness*, [and] a misinterpretation of the Hiss trial testimony." After the facts had been set straight, Black

promised, the book would be published.

In Britain, where the Jowitt book was published last month, a few reviewers were quick to spot the factual errors and other defects. Rebecca West in the London *Sunday Times* wrote: "Inevitably the case has become a bat-haunted labyrinth. But Lord Jowitt makes it more difficult to understand than it really is. Consider, for example, his treatment of the attempt at suicide made by Whittaker Chambers . . . Chambers gives a detailed account [in *Witness*] of how, after he had discovered the documents which were ultimately to satisfy the courts that Hiss and not he was lying, he decided to let those documents prove his innocence and the guilt of the Communist Party, and he took steps to take refuge in death from the persecution to which he was being subjected . . . [Lord Jowitt] alleges that



Associated Press
BRITAIN'S LORD JOWITT
Innocence abroad.

Chambers attempted to commit suicide before he produced [the documents], and draws sinister conclusions from this. 'Any prudent man would have hesitated before he brought before a jury such fraudulent documents,' says Lord Jowitt grimly . . . And he goes very far in suggesting that the jury might have brought in a different verdict had they known what, in fact, never happened."

Denis W. Brogan, reviewing the book for the *Spectator*, attacked it on grounds more serious than a mixed-up time sequence. "The most alarming thing about Lord Jowitt's book is the innocence of the modern world that it displays." For illustration, Brogan cited a passage from Jowitt: "It is shocking to think that whilst holding and accepting a position of confidence under the Government of his own country, [Hiss] should abuse that confidence by making available secret documents to outsiders. There is no philosophy of which I have ever heard, or

indeed which I can imagine, which can excuse such conduct . . . It may well be, I do not pretend to know, that Communists desire the success of Russia and its satellites above that of their own land."

Here, concludes Brogan, "is the basic reason why the book is bad, why [Jowitt] is continually being amazed or shocked at things that, however deplorable, are not, in this age, in the least shocking, and about which, in the age of Nunn May, Klaus Fuchs, the Canadian spy ring and the rest, there is no point in being shocked."

The naivete of the ex-Chancellor is less amazing when his career is considered. He was a lawyer with a respectable practice, with no experience in criminal cases and no knowledge of U.S. law. He was a Liberal member of Parliament until the Liberals began to collapse and he lost his seat. He joined the Labor Party, got back in the House of Commons, where he served with fidelity to his party but without any great distinction, except that he had one of the most mellifluous speaking voices in British public life. Attorney General under Labor's Ramsay MacDonald, Solicitor General in Churchill's wartime coalition government, he was finally named Lord Chancellor when Labor came to power in 1945, as a reward for party service.

Onetime Lords Chancellor are forbidden to return to the practice of law. Lord Jowitt, with time on his hands, turned to the study of the Hiss case. With the affinity of many non-Communist leftists for the Hiss defense, and with the British tendency to consider the U.S. "hysterical" about Communists, it surprised no one that Jowitt found for Alger Hiss. It may be a shock to some readers, however, that a onetime Lord Chancellor does "not pretend to know" about Communist morality and that he cannot get facts as an ordinary American jury got them.

TRIALS

Four Boys & Two Dogs

On California's Monterey Peninsula, the meadows of golden poppies and blue lupine beckoned. It was Easter Sunday, and in the spirit of the day Jerry Edgmon, 11, and his kid brother David, 9, left the tent where they lived with their migrant family, and started to pick some flowers for their mother. With their mongrel dog, Rocky, frisking beside them, the boys wandered across some dunes and crossed under a sagging, rusted barbed-wire fence. A sign near the fence said: "Danger, unauthorized personnel keep out—entrance to heavy artillery impact area." But Jerry and David paid no attention to it.

Beyond the fence, David and Jerry came upon an odd object, picked it up, dropped it; there was a shattering explosion. The boys were hurled to the ground, their bodies riddled with fragments from the bazooka shell they had found. Rocky the dog was dead. In the hospital it was nip & tuck, but the boys pulled through eventually, though Jerry lost three toes,

and both David's legs were amputated above the knee. That was in 1949.

Last week in a San Francisco court, the Government was ordered to pay the boys \$185,000—the largest judgment ever found against the Government for negligence of an employee (*i.e.*, the commanding general at Fort Ord).

During the trial, the Edmonds' lawyer produced a surprise witness—Richard Reams, by trade a maker of artificial limbs. In 1943, Reams, then 11, his brother Jimmie, 13, and their mongrel pup had also crawled through the fence at Fort Ord. Like the Edmon boys, they, too, came across an unexploded shell. Unfortunately for the Reams brothers, nobody heard the explosion, and searchers didn't find them until the next day—also Easter Sunday. Jimmie Reams was dead, and Dick lost both legs, but for the Reams family there was no redress. The law under which the Edmon boys collected their damages was not passed until 1946. The Army actually billed Dick Reams's mother for hospital expenses which she was unable to pay. Soldiers at the hospital to which Dick was taken finally collected enough money to satisfy the debt.

CITIES

"Very Village-Like"

New Yorkers, still discussing Edna Ferber's taunt that their city was "the dirtiest in the world" (TIME, May 4), got some new criticism to chew on last week. "I don't think it's filthy," declared famed Architect Frank Lloyd Wright,* 83, in the big city for a brief inspection tour. "It's a greatly overgrown village. It has phases unworthy of a great city—trucks mixed

* For other doings of Architect Wright, see BUSINESS.



Fred Stein

ARCHITECT WRIGHT
Grass will grow in the street.



Associated Press

TORNADO DAMAGE IN WACO

In the silence, the thin sound of human voices.

with taxicabs and private conveyances, the whole thing a melee, and then the garbage set out on the streets. Very village-like." Wright added that Alexander Woolcott had once defined New Yorkers as "Midwesterners with ulcers."

In the future, Wright thought, New York will become even more of a village. "You'll see more greenery in 25 years. Grass will grow where least expected, and flowers will bloom in the concrete. Big cities are a hangover from feudal times. Once they were necessary, but they reached and passed their peak, and now you will see them disappearing."

TEXAS

Spinning Doom

People who live in the belt of land between the Gulf of Mexico and the Great Lakes have one uneasy claim to distinction: they are more apt to be killed by tornadoes than residents of any other area on the face of the globe. The sky over their farms and cities is one of nature's battlegrounds: great masses of cold, dry air from the northwest are eternally colliding with bodies of warm, wet air from the tropics. These monstrous collisions—particularly from March through June—produce a fearful progeny of funnel-shaped "twisters."

Bulldozed Lane. Tornadoes spring into life suddenly, die quickly, and more often than not damage nothing but haystacks and trees. Many are so high that they do not touch the earth. It is impossible to predict where the narrow path of the most damaging will run, and the citizenry of "Tornado Alley" would spend days in their cellars if they took cover at all warnings. As a result, many a resident of San Angelo (pop. 52,000), Texas was totally unprepared one day last week when doom spun down from the sky.

Tornado weather had been moving slow-

ly through the Midwest for days, hatching 16 twisters in Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and Arkansas. During the morning, tornadoes scored near-misses on Ranger and Wichita Falls. The "tar-colored" whirlwind that hit San Angelo formed close to town, and advanced with frightening speed. At Lakeview school, children had only enough warning to file out from classrooms into the halls before the windows crashed in and the roof flew off. The tornado bulldozed a lane of destruction five blocks wide and a mile long before it died. Three hundred houses were ruined. Scores were buried alive in the debris, and 72 had to be hospitalized after they were dug out. Ten people were killed.

Absolute Silence. But this was only the tinkling prelude to the rumble of destruction in Waco (pop. 84,000), which was hit by another, fiercer tornado only two hours later. The sky turned black over Waco before the twister struck, and heavy rain drummed on roofs and streets. Waco sensed no danger until the howling vortex of the storm was on it. The tornado drove through the city southwest to northeast. It tore a path five blocks wide and five miles long; it ripped up trees, tore off roofs, smashed windows, flattened houses. In the business district it knocked down brick buildings, buried automobiles and screaming humans under tons of masonry.

The drenching rainstorm went on for days afterward, but day & night the people of Waco labored in the rubble to find the living and the dead. In the business district a loudspeaker system was rigged. Occasionally it called for absolute silence: the power tools, tractors and cranes were stopped, and the grimy rescuers stood stock-still—listening for the thin sound of human voices under the piles of wreckage. At week's end, the crippled city totted up the toll taken by the storm. Known dead: 113; injured: 500. Cost: \$50 million.

NEWS IN PICTURES



CAMOUFLAGED GENERAL. Omar Bradley, retiring chairman of Joint Chiefs of Staff, stands among ferns to study speech during Women's National Press Club luncheon in Washington. Bradley's message: U.S. must spend \$3 billion a month on defense "as far into the future as we can possibly see," to keep pace with Russia.

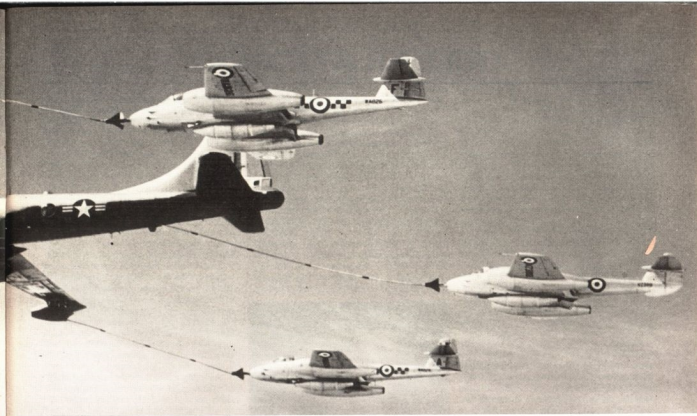
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Associated Press



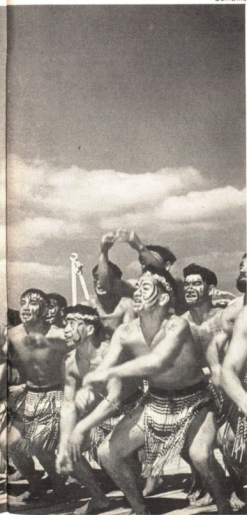
PAINTED MAORIS from New Zealand let off steam with native dance as ship bringing them to coronation reaches Portsmouth after 13,000-mile voyage.





Combine

THIRSTY JETS, twin-engine R.A.F. Meteors, refuel in mid-air from U.S. KB-29 aerial tanker. In British "probe and drogue" system, tanker reels out hose with funnel-like coupling, fighter makes contact with probe on nose, breaks away when tanks are full.



PROUD GOMIERS of French colonial forces stand at attention as Marshal of the Army Alphonse-Henri Juin pins on Military Medal during review of 90,000 troops in Morocco. Juin uses left hand because right arm was crippled by World War I wounds.

United Press

INTERNATIONAL

COLD WAR

The Great Tempest

A great storm arose over the Atlantic last week and the waves were ink black with controversy. In the midst of it, Britain and the U.S. uncovered depths of incompatibility that had often been charted without ever being plumbed. Onlookers were reminded of Joseph Stalin's prediction that the capitalist alliance would inevitably fall apart, and at Panmunjom, Communist truce negotiators profited.

It was Sir Winston Churchill, the Briton most admired by Americans, who brewed the Great Tempest. His demand for a sovereign conference of the world's leading powers (TIME, May 18) had fired his countrymen's imaginations, and in domestic terms at least, it was well timed to appeal to coronation-time sentiments about a second Elizabethan Age. Behind well-phrased compliments, Churchill had adroitly sniped at the U.S., berated the truce negotiators for dillydallying, taunted Washington for its unwillingness to meet the Russians face to face. He was on popular ground and he knew it, for Britons are fed up with playing second fiddle to the U.S.—in world affairs. Said a Tory M.P.: "What appealed to us all in the Prime Minister's speech was the thought that at last we are to have a British policy."

Words of No Offense. After the first flushes of British nationalism came colder second thoughts. "Magnificent," said the *Economist* of the speech, "but was it policy?" Tories—who seemed to respond happily only to Churchill's truculence over Egypt and not to his soft hints to Moscow—reminded their friends that Sir Winston, at 78, is determined to be known to history as Winston the Peacemaker, as well as Winston the Warrior. The old man, they say, is consumed with curiosity and eager to cross swords with "the new boy in the Kremlin"; like Franklin D. Roosevelt, he is convinced that his personal authority is enough to overawe the insubtractable Russians.

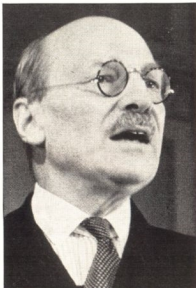
The Labor Opposition was delighted. "A great speech, a massive speech," said weepy old Manny Shinwell. "The Tories didn't like it a bit." The Bevanites quoted Churchill as authority for the view that peace is at hand, harped on their favorite theme that the U.S. is chiefly responsible for keeping the world at war.

On the second day of debate, ex-Prime Minister Clement Attlee, the man who sent the vanguard of the British Commonwealth Division to Korea in 1950, quietly announced that he had a few words to say about the U.S. Obviously he could not let Churchill monopolize so popular a cause. "I hope they will cause no offense," he said. "I merely want to state some facts." Attlee, who once taught history and law at London University, can state facts in the manner of Mr. Squeers informing one of Nicholas Nickleby's pupils

that a thrashing will hurt you more than it does me. His "words of no offense" transformed Churchill's thunderclap into a transatlantic whirlwind.

Facts to Face. "One of the facts of the world situation is that the American Constitution was framed for an isolationist state . . . I do not think that situation is particularly well suited to a time when America has become the strongest state in the world." Attlee argued that "the American Government [is] not really master in [its] own house . . . It is sometimes hard to find where effective power lies. One sometimes wonders who is more powerful, the President or Senator McCarthy."

Because of this, Attlee said professorially, it would be difficult for President



Cornell Copps—LIFE

BRITAIN'S ATTLEE
After the thunderclap, a whirlwind.

Eisenhower to attend an international conference with "full authority." He might "be thrown over, as President Wilson was after Versailles." Korea was another example. "All my information is, though I may be wrong, that the Chinese want a settlement. I believe that the U.S. Administration wants a settlement. But there are elements in the U.S. that do not want a settlement. There are people who want an all-out war with China, and against Communism in general, and there is the strong influence of the Chiang Kai-shek lobby. It is just as well to face that fact." Attlee saw little chance of a peace in the Far East until Red China is in the U.N. Peking, he said, "is evolving as a pretty effective power. She is entitled to be one of the Big Five, and I do not think that her place should be denied her."

Winston Churchill interrupted: "Not while the fighting is going on." Attlee said: "No, soon after the armistice," and Churchill subsided.

"Gift to Communism." Through most of the rest of Attlee's speech, Churchill nodded and grunted approval. So did most of the House. The violence of Senator McCarthy's subsequent response to Attlee's inept remarks (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) only seemed to confirm the British—at least the left-wing British—in their worst suspicions of the U.S. Tom O'Brien, president of 8,000,000 British trade unionists and capable of violent utterance too, called the Wisconsin Senator "a greater gift to Communism than Judas Iscariot was to the Pharisees."

In the welter of angry words, Churchill's call for a big-power conference got half lost—his frank appeal for a return to Britain's ancient and discredited balance-of-power approach to Europe got less discussion than it deserved. Paris approved the idea of a parley at the summit, providing of course that the French were invited (as Churchill had carefully not said they would be); Pope Pius hoped for "frank and loyal discussions."

Germany's Konrad Adenauer and Italy's Alcide de Gasperi were less enthusiastic. Both seemed to feel, as Washington did, that Churchill had embarrassed the West by proposing a parley at a time when delicate issues—the European army, truce talks in Korea—hang in the balance. By advertising Anglo-American differences and creating a few new ones, Churchill and Attlee had pinpointed areas of friction which the Reds could best exploit. Before sitting down with the Russians, there seemed to be good reason for the British and Americans to sit down with each other.

WAR IN KOREA

The Principle Involved

Sir Winston Churchill said flatly that no "difference of principle" remains to be settled in the truce talks at Panmunjom, and implied that the U.S. is haggling over technicalities. India's Nehru publicly announced that the Communist eight-point proposal (TIME, May 18) is better than the U.N. Command's. A good part of the European and Asiatic world seemed to share these views.

Last week, belatedly making up for an inept job of explaining its case to the world, the U.S. State Department issued a statement showing just what the U.S. considers the issue of principle to be. "Members of the free world," said State, "have affirmed that there can be no force used to compel the unwilling prisoners to return to the Communists . . ." Sir Winston Churchill agrees with this principle, but he insists that the Chinese have also recognized it by agreeing to turn over unwilling prisoners to neutral custody. If, while under neutral custody, the Communists cannot "eliminate their apprehensions" about returning to their homeland, the fate of these prisoners would be turned over to a political conference.

What then? The U.S. has learned that Communists must be pinned down on details. Endless custody of prisoners without prospect of liberation, said State, would be a form of coercion; therefore, the U.S. "cannot . . . create a situation where such persons are offered no alternative to repatriation other than indefinite captivity or custody." Those who like might call this haggling; the U.S. thought it was the heart of the matter.

TREATIES

Opening the Danube

Since the Middle Ages, when Austrian robber barons stretched huge iron chains across the Danube, commerce on Europe's oldest highway has been free for only 18 years—from 1921 to 1939 under the provisions of the Versailles Peace Treaty. First Hitler and then Stalin in effect restored the chains. Last week, signing two agreements with non-Soviet nations, the Communists agreed that the Blue Danube would no longer be exclusively Red.

The first agreement is commercial: Austria and Communist Hungary will exchange passengers and freight on the Danube. Austrian ships will be permitted to sail through Hungary and to the Black Sea; Hungarian ships may pass up-river through Austria to trade with Germany.

In the second agreement, Yugoslavia and Rumania set up a joint administration for the Iron Gate, a rocky canyon on the Danube where it passes between the two nations. A canal bypasses the gorge. Until recently, satellite shipping moved through Yugoslavia, but Tito's ships were constantly harassed by Rumanian officials at the gate. Then Tito blocked satellite traffic on the Yugoslav side. At the same time, he tested the Kremlin by inviting Rumania to set up a joint-control board. Last week the Communists agreed and the Iron Gate opened. It was the first time Communist Tito and his Communist neighbors had exchanged helpful gestures since his defection in 1948.

If this agreement indicates that Tito and his neighbors may come to live in peace if not in harmony, the U.S. took no notice. Last week the U.S. Army, in an offshore procurement deal, agreed to buy \$5 million worth of ammunition made in Communist Yugoslavia. The bullets will be turned over to the Yugoslavs for their own use.

WAR IN INDO-CHINA

Counting the Casualties

The French army in Indo-China is a hard-bitten professional outfit, commanded by first-rate career officers. It has superior equipment. Why then have the Viet minh Communists overrun most of northern Indo-China? Last week General Raoul Salan, capable commander of French Union forces in Indo-China, near the end of his tour of duty, gave an interview explaining how the French operate.

Said Salan: "My decisions are made

within a certain framework established in France before I took command. The framework is secret and personal." Salan described how he had stopped the Communists short of the Mekong River in Laos by creating hedgehog positions in the Plaine des Jarres and at Luang Prabang, reinforcing them by air: "The enemy had 40 divisions; I had twelve. I had to wage a cautious war of maneuver."

A correspondent asked: After stopping the Communists, why did you not break out of your hedgehogs and fall upon the enemy rear? Said General Salan: "We studied the question . . . We could not do it. There would have been a disaster." From his desk, General Salan produced two charts, one showing the casualties for the first four months of 1952, the other showing the casualties for the first four months of 1953. "Observe," he said, "our



FRANCE'S SALAN
Behind the hedgehogs, a secret.

casualties are only half what they were in the same period last year. I am sending these charts to Paris."

What General Salan did not say, being a professionally reticent man, is that the unpopularity of the war back home in France—and fear of its cost in casualties and money—had forced him to wage a war of cautious maneuver, as in Laos, or of static defense, as in Hanoi.

MIDDLE EAST

Dulles on the Road

Armed with a thick, confidential black book which summarizes 160 foreign problems culled from top secret State and Defense files, John Foster Dulles went marching through the Middle East.

¶ Israel, his first stop after Egypt, went to great lengths to protect the most important official visitor the new state has welcomed in its five years. Hours before his Constellation arrived (an hour late),

1,000 police cordoned off the Lydda airport, banned other plane movements and unofficial phone calls, mounted machine guns, patrolled side roads with police dogs. In Tel Aviv, Mistress Sharett prodded anxiously at the roast of beef (frozen), which she feared might not be tender enough for the Foreign Minister's official dinner that night; in Jerusalem, Mistress Ben-Gurion summoned the sentry outside her home to help her tear the skin off a monster halibut (also frozen), which she wanted to steam with lemon sauce for the Secretary's lunch with the Premier next day.

Dulles stayed in Israel two days, listened to anxiously presented analyses, promised nothing. At his departure, Premier David Ben-Gurion (who showed how important he thought the occasion was by abandoning his open-necked shirt for a gabardine suit and patterned necktie) handed the Secretary a new Hebrew Testament, the first ever printed in Jerusalem.

¶ Jordan, the next stop, greeted Dulles with an olive branch, which someone thrust into his hand, and an unscheduled, indignant lecture. Said Aref el Aref, Arab historian and former mayor of Jerusalem's Old City: "Our . . . friendship has been imperiled by the Truman Administration, which not only created Israel but has been keeping it as a thorn in our side." Replied Dulles: "At home we Americans heatedly debate many issues, but we are not in the habit of criticizing one another outside the country. I therefore cannot agree with your criticism of a former American Administration." At a candlelight dinner at U.S. Ambassador Joseph Green's, young King Hussein, attired in a dinner jacket, bounded in like an American teen-ager come to pick up his date, stayed on to impress the Secretary with his earnest concern for his poor country. Dulles asked permission to visit some of the refugee camps; Jordan security officers refused, explaining: "We're not taking any chances."

¶ General Adib Shishkeily, boss of Syria, the fourth stop, seemed to impress Dulles more than any other Arab leader, even more than Egypt's Reluctant Dictator Naguib. Shishkeily was one Arab leader actually willing to discuss current dangerous matters, such as Middle East defense and refugee resettlement, instead of old antipathies. At U.S. Ambassador James Moose's reception, the two ducked out into the garden with a few aides, conferred animatedly for two hours, came away with satisfied grins. Good guess: the U.S. would undertake to arm and help train Syria's tough little army.

¶ Dulles delighted Premier Saeb Salaam of Lebanon, at his fifth stop, by his candor. Stoutly denying that U.S. Middle East policy is Zionist-dictated, Dulles said that the Jews as a whole had voted against him in the 1949 New York senatorial race (which he lost) and generally against Ike in 1952. Said Dulles: the U.S. wants to recapture the Arab world's friendship. Said the Premier: "You must show us acts, not words."

FOREIGN NEWS

ITALY

Man from the Mountains

(See Cover)

Across the ancient reaches of Italy—a sunny, beautiful and melancholy land—the clamor spread.

DE GASPERI IS A LIAR! screamed a black headline in Rome's *L'Unità*, the Communist daily.

"Our nationalism," boasted the boss of resurgent Italian Fascism, "is not like the nationalism of De Gasperi." He spat the Premier's name as if it were uncapsuled quinine. "The enemy," added another Fascist, "is the Christian Democratic Party."

To 62,000 intent Neapolitans a Commu-

and roundly trounced them in the 1948 elections. But this time the Premier and his coalition must overcome the combined assault of:

The Communists. Still apparently at least as strong as they were in 1948, when they won 8 million of 26 million votes, captured 183 of the 574 seats in the Chamber of Deputies.

The Neo-Fascists. The *Movimento Sociale Italiano*, or M.S.I., which would like to put another dictator in power in Rome. M.S.I. leaders are true-blue survivors of Mussolini's coterie, members of the band who collaborated with the Germans to the bitter end. They have not yet found their Mussolini (nearest thing to one: Prince Valerio Borghese), but they

tradition of centuries, are apt to consider themselves not so much Italians as Florentines or Romans or Neapolitans or Sicilians. ("You know," a Roman is apt to say, "I don't like the Florentines. They think they're better than anyone else.")

De Gasperi's work is only partly done, and his dream of a united, stable and democratic Italy is only partly made real. Over the few brief years of democracy his coalition government has wobbled and slithered away under the pressures from the totalitarian extremes and the attrition of responsibility.

Over the Chasm. It is not at all certain that the 26 million Italians who vote next fortnight will give Alcide de Gasperi a chance to continue his job. Since 1948 the De Gasperi alliance has held 63% of the seats in Italy's lower house. But in municipal and other contests since, it has showed considerable losses of strength. Last week the magazine *Il Tempo* forecast that the coming election will be very close: about 13,500,000 votes for the Christian Democratic coalition, and 12,500,000 for the totalitarian extremes. De Gasperi's coalition needs better than 50% of the vote to win enough parliamentary seats to govern Italy effectively. The betting is that he will narrowly make it.

Alcide de Gasperi has been in tight spots before. For a good part of his life he was, by hobby, a mountain climber. Once, many years ago, he slipped from a ledge in the Dolomites and twirled for 20 minutes at the end of a rope before he pulled himself to safety.

De Gasperi has crossed a lot of political chasms since then. Somehow, with undramatic surefootedness, he has always got past danger—often with results that have been far more spectacular than the events themselves made them seem.

For seven years Premier de Gasperi has been playing the deadly game of cold-war politics with an unspectacular competence that obscures both the man and his achievements. Italians (according to the popular U.S. stereotype) are enthusiastic and impulsive; De Gasperi is withdrawn, often icily aloof. The language of Dante is a melting, musical tongue, and Italians traditionally make colorful orators, but De Gasperi is a rambling, unmusical speaker who can stretch a few scribbled notes into a 90-minute discourse. Italians are accustomed to the spectacular in politics—Garibaldi and his red-shirted 1,000; the Blackshirts marching on Rome; Palmiro Togliatti's Reds tearing up piazzas. Alcide de Gasperi disdains the theatrical and the violent, speaks softly, listens forbearingly, sits out crises patiently, and acts unhurriedly with an extraordinary instinct for timing.

Italy gave the world *Pagliacci*, the story of a man who laughs even in the face of tragedy. But the sharp, austere features of De Gasperi (cartoonists like to depict him as a wise, great-beaked black crow with lively eyes behind huge spectacles)



DE GASPERI & GRANDCHILDREN
Speak softly, wait patiently, act unhurriedly.

nist speaker shouted: "How can De Gasperi talk of security when there are 2,500,000 unemployed?"

And a few blocks away, the leader of the Monarchists cajoled. "The King" is waiting to come back," he said. "He waits in the sadness and the silence of exile."

From both sides—the totalitarian left and the totalitarian right—came the attack on the young Republic of Italy. A national election, the third since war's end, was only a fortnight away. If the wolves could strike down Premier Alcide de Gasperi and his Christian Democratic Party, they could then get at the shaky-legged colt of Italian democracy.

Democracy and De Gasperi had taken on the Communists—the biggest, toughest Red party this side of the Iron Curtain—

* Meaning Umberto II. In 1946 Victor Emmanuel III abdicated the throne to Crown Prince Umberto. But Umberto went into exile near Lisbon only a month later, after Italians voted (6 to 5) to abolish the monarchy.

have swelled their 525,000 votes (2.1%) of 1948 into considerably more. Bitter enemies of the Communists, they are willing to collaborate with them in mischief as Adolf Hitler did—to make stable democratic government impossible. They hope that in the resulting chaos they, not the Reds, will capture Rome.

The Monarchists. Led by Croesus-rich Mayor Achille Lauro of Naples, who campaigns with free spaghetti and royally vague promises, the right-wing Monarchists expect to do better than 1948's 750,000 (2.8%) of the vote—enough better, they hope, to force De Gasperi to bring them into the government. One difficulty: the exiled King refuses to endorse them.

Italy, a unified nation for only a century and a republic for only seven years, is free to choose. That fact in itself is a monument to Alcide de Gasperi, 72, the worn-looking but knife-sharp statesman who has brought a sense of unity and democratic faith to a people who still, in the

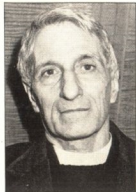
remain glum even in moments of pleasure, and only his intense eyes glow. He has no notable administrative talent, and economists have been heard to mutter that he sometimes seems to be "an economic illiterate." He wears his imperfections humbly, like a suit of well-worn clothing, as if to suggest that attempting to discard them would be indecent.

Most observers of the European scene class De Gasperi—along with such men as Germany's Adenauer, France's Schuman and Belgium's Spaak—as a topflight and selfless statesman-politician. Few would call him a "great man." But time & again he has been paid a handsome tribute in a land where the simple goodness of a Francis of Assisi, the Italians' patron saint, is more admired than the brilliance of a Thomas Aquinas. "He is a good man," explains one Italian. "He means what he says." "De Gasperi," said a top U.S. diplomat who has long worked with the Premier, "has done more to advance democratic government than any other statesman in Europe today. To take a country which has undergone 20 years of Fascist rule, and just come through a devastating war, and build it up as he has, is nothing short of political genius."

"It Looks Easy." Always slashing and ripping at his flanks were Togliatti's Communists and the fellow-traveling Socialists of Pietro Nenni. First they were in De Gasperi's coalition, infiltrating, sabotaging, preparing to take over *à la Prague*. De Gasperi threw them out (1947) in one of the boldest, most important decisions of the cold war. A few months later he met them over the ballot boxes—an enemy more ruthless, more disciplined, better organized than his own wobbly coalition. While many Italians with faint hearts and fat pocketbooks began planning flight from the country, De Gasperi and his allies licked the enemy—fair, square and decisively. "He has done this thing," the U.S. diplomat says, "and because he has done it successfully, it looks easy. But if he hadn't done it, Italy would have gone Communist."

For his past victories (and also for many of his current handicaps), De Gasperi is indebted to probably the queerest political alliance in Italian history, a restless, unstable mixture of most of the colors on the political palette. His own Christian Democrats include monarchists and republicans, rebels and traditionalists, free enterprisers and welfare staters, clericals and anticlericals. It is, in every respect, a "center party," basted together by an abhorrence of extremes and a belief in moderation. It is a Catholic party, approved by the Vatican, largely dependent in the election campaign on the vigorous, vote-harvesting activities of the Catholic Action movement. Yet Christian Democracy's three allies in the campaign all have their roots in Italy's long and emphatic anticlerical past:

The Republicans, the party born of Garibaldi and Mazzini. One of its chief figures, Rinaldo Ossola, fought in the Spanish Civil War against Franco and



STURZO



CAVOUR



Associated Press; Culver
GARIBALDI

One law, one pledge, one flag.

Mussolini's volunteers, is now De Gasperi's devoted Defense Minister.

The Liberals, the party of Cavour, who sealed Garibaldi's military successes with the political coup that united Italian provinces and kingdoms into one nation. The Liberals, still anticlerical, supported the House of Savoy against the Pope (and the Republicans). Their appeal now is mostly to intellectuals.

The Social Democrats, headed by Giuseppe Saragat, who chose democracy when Pietro Nenni led the rest of the Socialists into alliance with the Communists. Saragat has some 2,000,000 followers, mostly in the industrial north.

With this assorted alliance, Premier de Gasperi won decisively last time because the issue was basic and clear: De Gasperi or Communism. In this election the Christian Democrats cannot count on the same urgent fear of the Red menace; Italians may have become choosier, and the alternatives are more numerous.

Wheat Turning Gold. Three weeks ago on May Day, De Gasperi stood in Turin to watch a three-hour parade of Italian workers buzzing past on Vespas, the sleek little 43-h.p. motor scooters which are fast becoming for Italians what the model T was for American workers. "Just look," exclaimed the Premier. "And may the miserable government over which I preside also be blamed for this!"

In 1953's sunlit spring, Italy does indeed wear a sheen it did not have under

the plumed bumbings of the Savoy or the sawdust imperialism of Mussolini. Long-barbed durum wheat—the kind that is good for *pasta*—is turning gold in Sicily and Calabria. Soon the harvest will begin, rolling up the toe and shin and length of the Italian boot—possibly a bumper crop like last year's. Meanwhile, there are almonds to be picked on the rolling plains of Puglia, forage grass to be cut in the lush Po Valley, cherries to be picked off the greyish flatlands around Naples. And a bumper crop of tourists—perhaps 6,000,000—is descending on Italy, eager to be harvested. To the tourist's eye, the cities pulsate with prosperity. Next to the weathered greys, faded beiges and crumbling burnt oranges of past glories stand refurbished or new buildings glinting with fresh paint, new chrome and stucco. Cassino has risen from the bombers' rubble, a gleaming, modern town, with its famed monastery restored. In Eholi, where Christ stopped (in Carlo Levi's novel), six spanking new apartment houses were completed in the past few months.

Naples, though its slum alleys are still noisome and laundry festoons every tenement, no longer seems such a violent affront to its breathtaking setting. To the land of the Fra Angelicos and hand-painted Sicilian donkey carts has come the neon glare of modern living—billboards, Life Savers, Esso stations, Hop-along Cassidy, even a little TV. Venetian canals boat traffic lights, and only a lusty



LAURO



TOGLIATTI



© Medeiros; Associated Press
BORGHESI

Three sides against the middle.

gondolier could raise his tenor above the gaseous snarl of *motocafé*.

Chic & Ships. The signs of better economic conditions which the visitor sees are not illusions. Culturally and economically, Italy is enjoying something of a renaissance.

With a few old cameras, with war-battered city streets for sets and with amateurs for performers, directors like Roberto Rossellini and Vittorio De Sica have given the world some of the finest movies ever made. They gave Italy a major industry, and treated moviegoers everywhere to the likes and looks of fiery Anna Magnani and smoky Silvana Mangano. Italian painters and sculptors, artistically confined under the Fascists, have broken free. The earthy realism of such Italian novelists as Moravia, Berto and

Vittorini has won them acclaim in the U.S. Rome, not Paris, is the capital of a new generation of postwar U.S. expatriates, who this time celebrate not what they have lost but what they have found.

Italian fashions are no longer a mere copy of Paris, but a style-setting world of their own. In straw, leather, ceramics, in automobile design (but not production), in shipbuilding (the new *Andrea Doria* and the *Cristoforo Colombo*), the fine Italian hand and the fertile Italian mind are making money and fame.

Italy's national income is at an alltime high (\$16 billion) and going up. The lira is close to being hard money now (stabilized at 625 to the dollar), and De Gasperi's finance experts proudly point out that "not one single lira" has been printed since 1948. A new government depart-

ment has been set up to treat the economic ills of Italy's shamefully impoverished south. Altogether, 1,600,000 acres of land owned by absentee landlords (including such aristocratic names as the Torlonia, the Orsini, the Boncompagni) is being purchased by the government at a fair price and distributed among the landless peasants on easy terms. So far, only 400,000 acres have reached the peasantry.

Hopelessness in Caves. Close to Parioli, Rome's most fashionable residential district, families still live in hillside caves or shacks. In the Palermo slums, within shouting distance of a luxurious, modern, maternity clinic, seven or eight people crowd into a single, unlighted room. The antique debtors' law is charitable to such families: whatever else officers of the law may impose for payment of a debt, they

EUROPE'S CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATS

Looking out over devastated Europe at war's end in 1945 the journalists of the world—plain reporters and exalted pundits—considered the future and, to a man, came to the same conclusion: Europe would go left and socialist. The right, disoriented by the Pétains and Papens, and by its devotion to 19th century capitalism, was doomed. The center, caught between the strident voices of right & left, and forced to choose, would have to go left. Communists and Socialists had made a name in the undergrounds and concentration camps. And in the end, Socialism, the wave of the future, would triumph, as it had in Scandinavia long before, and in Britain only recently.

The experts were wrong. Instead, postwar Europe's dominant force turned out to be Christian Democracy. Today, Christian Democrats govern or share heavily in the governing of every war-torn country of Western Europe; most of their Premiers and all of their foreign ministers (except The Netherlands*) are Christian Democrats. All are disciples of European unity, all share an overall philosophy, all—perhaps by political accident—are Roman Catholics. When Italy's De Gasperi, West Germany's Adenauer and France's Bidault sit down to negotiate a treaty or discuss the future, they draw from a common religious inspiration that sees Europe reunited as it was before Europe burst asunder in post-Reformation strife. They share, too, the paradox of having come to power frankly religious men, in a Europe heavily influenced since the Age of Enlightenment by secularistic and often anti-religious political doctrine. In such a scene, the Christian Democrats have learned not to accent their sectarian differences, but to stress what they have in common.

What is their credo? Fundamentally, it is the common heritage of Western civilization, a Judeo-Christian heritage with which men of all faiths may agree. Their basic philosophical faith may be generally stated as a belief in 1) the fatherhood of God, 2) the brotherhood of man, 3) the essential dignity of man, and 4) the right of the individual to hold and administer private property, subject to his responsibilities to his fellowmen. Christian Democracy began as a Christian Socialism and gradually moved towards center and right. Originally, its intention was to escape the bleak godlessness of both left and right, while avoiding the charge of church domination, particularly domination by the Vatican. Trying to oppose materialism, while meeting it on its own good ground of material welfare for all, involves difficulties. "The Christian is a citizen of two worlds," says Catholic Philosopher Heinrich Rommen, "the City of God and the City of Man. He is destined for the former, but he must live and work for his salvation in the latter."

From a deep and common tap root, the Christian Democrats of Europe branch out in a variety of directions.

In France, the party's name is *Mouvement Républicain Populaire*. In theory, it stands only a few steps away from mild Socialism, but in practice it sits mostly in the center. It began in the heroism of the French underground. For more than a year between the fall of France and Hitler's attack on Russia, the French Resistance was organized and dominated by courageous young veterans like Georges Bidault, now French Foreign Minister; Pierre-Henri Teitgen (now M.R.P. president). "The prominence of so many individual devout Catholics in the Resistance," reported one student of France, "saved the church in France." For some time, the M.R.P. was the largest party in France. Now worn and watered down after eight debilitating years in the cockpit of French party politics, it now attracts about 12% of the French electorate. Best known for its support of family allowances, which arrested the decline in France's birth rate, the M.R.P. is parted from its ideological neighbors by an anxious controversy over church schools.

In West Germany, Christian Democracy is the party of conservative Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, but is still flavored by the Christian Socialism of the Catholic Labor movement. *Mitbestimmungsgerecht*, for example, the radical program under which many German workers share in the management of industry, was energetically pushed by Catholic labor. Where France's M.R.P. works in a nominally (97%) Catholic community, Catholic Adenauer's party works in the shadow of historic Catholic-Protestant cleavage in Germany. But it numbers thousands of Protestants in its coalition (they total about 30%), and it has elected Protestant Hermann Ehlers as its vice chairman. Many German Protestants complain, nevertheless, that if Adenauer "were more of a German and less of a Rhineland Catholic," he would slow down his drive for a united Europe and pay more attention to uniting West Germany with the Protestant (and now Communist-ruled) East Germany. Adenauer's Christian Democratic Union comes before the voters this year. High personal prestige and West Germany's remarkable prosperity are in his favor.

Diverse as are their political environments and their religious faiths, Western Europe's Christian Democrats are loosely organized into a kind of clearinghouse for Christian parties representing 20 million voters: Last fall it set up a committee to try to define Christian Democracy, but it has still to agree on a definition. Yet Christian Democracy, like so many idealistic abstractions, demonstrably exists. Its faith is demonstrated by the high character of its leaders, whose performance shows that what eludes definition need not pass understanding. Christian Democracy may well take its credo from Edmund Burke: "The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing."



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*From Growth Center South Annual Tire Survey.

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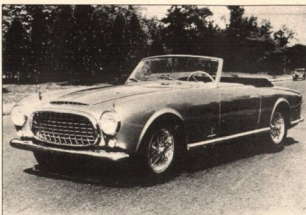
Wouldn't you
rather drink

**Four
Roses**





ITALIAN FASHION



ITALIAN FERRARI



David Lees—Lise; Riccardo Moncalvo; Max Hutzler
STARLET ROSSI-DRAGO

Traffic lights on Venetian canals, apartment houses in Ebolis.

may not touch a bed in which a woman has just given birth to a child, or is about to do so. Population (47 million) is now growing by 400,000 a year, in a country where overpopulation is a long-endured complaint (and the chief pragmatic excuse for Mussolini's conquests in Africa). Manpower is Italy's only surplus—and it is no longer very exportable. In 1949 there were 1,700,000 unemployed; today there are more than 2,000,000, and every year another 130,000 young people join the ranks of the jobless.

Italy, for all its beauty, is a hard land—deficient in food, fuel and minerals. The gap grows between what it must buy and what it can sell to pay for these things, and is papered over only by U.S. aid (about \$3 billion since war's end).

Discontent & Promises. The Italian in Milan who desperately needs an apartment he cannot afford, the Calabrian family burying a one-year-old for lack of a doctor, the frayed-white-collar worker who remembers how many government sinecures were available under the Fascists, the landowner who savors the old monarchical days when a *conte* was a *conte* and his land his own—these by the thousands lend an ear to the bombast and promises of De Gasperi's political enemies on left & right.

Their discontent is magnified by some of the things they see and hear in the government offices and town halls. Not all Christian Democrats are as patient as Alcide de Gasperi. Too many are neither so good nor so honest. In most parts of Italy, there are cases of favoritism, nepotism, buying of special privileges. (As a galling contrast, local Communist administrators have proved by & large incorruptible.)

And there is the church. It is the supreme anomaly in a land of anomalies that 99.6% Catholic Italy is bitterly anticlerical in politics. The war between church and state has never truly ended. "The place of the priest," a churchgoing Italian is likely to grumble, "is in the sacristy, not the public square." In the 92 years since Italy became united, it has had for Premiers one Protestant, one Jew, several agnostics and many Freemasons,

but never a practicing Catholic until Alcide de Gasperi took office.

Catholicism was the state religion under the kings, but few in the royal house were steady communicants. Italians recall that the late Queen Elena enjoyed telling ribald stories about priests, and some even insist that Victor Emmanuel III, on one of the infrequent occasions when he attended Mass, got mixed up at the holy water font and seemed to think he must wash his hands there. To be a Communist is, by decree of the Vatican, a mortal sin, but in some Italian towns the best place to find the leading Communists together is at Sunday Mass. And Catholics in politics sometimes sound like old Senator Tom Heflin lobbying one of his Confederate cannonballs at "the Pope of Rome."

Not until the birth (in 1910) of the political party now led by Alcide de Gasperi were Catholics of modern Italy free to participate in politics. Under Pius IX's 1868 *Non Expedit* decree (it is not expedient), a Catholic could "neither elector nor elected" be; Pius deemed it a surrender for Catholics to join in the affairs of the determinedly anti-church regime, which had shorn the Vatican of property and political authority in Italy. But as the political peril to religion developed on the left, the ban slowly relaxed. At the end of World War I, a scholarly Sicilian priest named Luigi Sturzo persuaded Pope Benedict XV to let him form a political party of Catholic laymen. Don Luigi promised that he would resolutely avoid church control, and he kept his promise. Don Luigi Sturzo's creation, the Popular Party, set out to bring Christian morality and principles into distinctly non-Christian Italian politics—"a center party of Christian inspiration and oriented toward the left," he called it.

Among his early and most promising recruits was a somber, mustached man named Alcide de Gasperi. Of pure Italian blood, De Gasperi had been an Italian citizen only since the end of World War I. The small Alpine town near Trent where he was born, the son of a minor tax official, was part of Franz Josef's Austro-Hungarian empire. A passionate Italian Irredentist at 17 and a political prisoner

before he got out of school, De Gasperi got his first legislative experience in the Austrian Parliament (he still speaks excellent German, as well as good French, hesitant but serviceable English).

Riots & Parades. In an Italy tossed between Marxist riots and Blackshirt parades, Don Luigi and De Gasperi tried desperately to head off Fascism by proposing a coalition with the Socialists, but their efforts failed. After Mussolini took over, Sturzo fled into exile in 1924, and De Gasperi became leader of the party. But he quickly got on Mussolini's black list—he dared to condemn the Fascist murder of Socialist Giacomo Matteotti and to ask the King to dismiss *Il Duce*. Within two years he was in jail.

A year and a half in prison almost broke De Gasperi's health. The Vatican finally negotiated his release. Through the long Fascist night, he worked on the Vatican library card-index system for \$80 a month, eked out enough to support Signora de Gasperi and four daughters by ghost-writing and translating. Out of this experience came a patient, frugal, unobtrusively devout man who had suffered less than some under totalitarianism, but enough to want to spend the rest of his life fighting it. He bought a sorely needed dark blue suit and went out to revive the Popular Party. This time, De Gasperi called it the Christian Democratic Party, and by 1944 had built it strong enough to make him a minister without portfolio in the provisional postwar regime. Soon he became Foreign Minister, in 1945 Prime Minister. In 1946 Italy voted itself a republic and made the *Democristiani* the biggest political party.

Don Luigi Sturzo has returned to Rome, but not to the party. In a small convent run by the Canossian Daughters of Charity on Mondovio Street, just off Rome's New Appian Way, 81-year-old Don Luigi sits in his study amid untidy stacks of books, pamphlets and newspapers. Easily tired, susceptible to colds, he rarely emerges from his simple, two-room apartment. The last time he visited the Vatican, only 15 minutes away, was during the Holy Year of 1950. The old priest complains that Layman de Gasperi has tied

Christian Democracy too closely to the church. "I criticize them from time to time," he explains, "but that is because it is my vocation to be a political critic. It does not mean I disown them."

The creed of Christian Democracy is in the party's 1946 manifesto: "While Communism strives for the supremacy of society, and liberalism for the supremacy of the individual, democracy aims at realizing the synthesis of individual rights and social duties . . . and consequently wants to create a state in which all classes cooperate . . . We did not fight against the barrack-state in order to substitute for it the executioner-state. We are aiming at the school-state, capable of re-educating character."

A schoolmasterly solicitude that demands the best instead of appealing to the worst is not the cheapest way to win popularity. A philosophy of cooperation has sometimes meant walking when running was called for. Sometimes the struggle has involved forcing through Parliament—always with respect for the rules, and usually against the bloodthirsty assaults of the Reds and the Blacks—changes about which many people had misgivings. Biggest example: the new electoral reform law under which any coalition of parties getting more than 50% of the vote will get 64% of the seats in the Chamber of Deputies. De Gasperi has lived long enough in tyranny's shadow to respect the rights of minorities; he is convinced, however, that democracy must be made strong enough to survive the parliamentary assaults of those who oppose parliamentary government.

"Viva! Viva!" It has been about 15 years since De Gasperi dug his climbing boots and pickaxe into an Alp, but he still suffers the mountaineer's fever—the looking for other peaks to climb while still chivvying and picking his way up the peak beneath his feet. "He always sees the next summit," explained a friend. Last week in Genoa, where bombed-out ruins of the past are still visible behind the shiny new façades of the present, he stood before a mass of dockworkers and shipworkers.

"My opponents say that I wish to remain in power," said he. "I would be very happy to step down, not only from the government but also from the political scene. But I have a profound conviction that I should stay."

"When men like Terracini refuse to obey further orders of the Cominform, when the Socialists find the courage to liberate themselves from Communism . . . when the conception of liberty completely penetrates into the Italian soul, when democracy is here to stay, when we recognize only one law, one pledge and one flag, when violence is no longer exalted or revenge invoked—on that day, and only on that day, will I lay these old bones of mine down and be at peace."

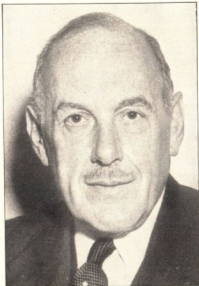
From thousands of pockets, Genoans grabbed handkerchiefs to wave. "Viva! Viva!" rose their cry, like Alpine thunder. The old man of the mountains took out his own handkerchief and waved back.

KENYA

Mow Them Down

Kenya Crown Colony, ablaze with Mau Mau revolt, is the northernmost bastion of Britain's East African Empire. Should Suez fall to Egyptian nationalism (see below), the huge British base at Mackinnon Road, 225 miles southeast of Nairobi, supported by its jet airfields, would almost certainly become the key to British strategy in the western Indian Ocean.

Last week, scenting danger to Suez, British Colonial Secretary Oliver Lyttelton flew to Nairobi to see for himself how seriously the Mau Mau terror has jeopardized Kenya's security. He stalked through the ruins of Lari village, where the Mau Mau massacred 300-odd sleeping Kikuyu (TIME, April 6), and later reconnoitered Mau Mau strongholds from a light spotter



Wide World

COLONIAL SECRETARY LYTTETON
More than shotguns were required.

plane. "We are being outmaneuvered and outflanked," a British officer told him. "The Mau Mau are stronger, and more skillfully led than at any time since the emergency began."

To contain the Mau Mau, who have begun to mount attacks in company strength, the British have been forced to deploy 5,500 British infantrymen (many of them from the Suez Canal Zone) and 4,000 African Riflemen, at a cost of \$700,000 a month. Thousands of Kikuyu are in jail, tens of thousands in hiding, yet Mau Mau gangs terrorize the countryside within sight of Nairobi.

The main Mau Mau forces are concentrated in two guerrilla armies, lurking in the forested highlands: one under "General Russia," a scar-faced ex-schoolteacher whose real name is Dedam Kimathi (TIME, Feb. 23); the other under "General China," an elusive desperado who dominates Mt. Kenya. One Mau Mau band, 150 strong and heavily armed, last week at-

tacked the trading center of Kanderudu, repulsed a British patrol and seized its transport. The soldiers called for air support, and counterattacked. Result: 40 Mau Mau were killed (ten by an African trooper who kept firing his Bren gun even after one of his fingers had been shot away); the rest broke and fled.

"We like them to attack in large numbers because then we can mow them down," said Major General William Hinde, director of military operations in Kenya. With Lyttelton's approval, he ordered 10,000 Kikuyu Home Guardsmen, recruited to defend their homes, to be armed with shotguns. Yet as Lyttelton plainly saw, stamping out the Mau Mau would require more than shotguns. The problem, as in Malaya, is to assure the majority of natives of the government's concern for their welfare, and to protect them against the Mau Mau. Snapped General Sir Cameron Nicholson: "We need a great sense of urgency at all levels. I have not found it."

EGYPT

Trouble Postponed

All day long, over the sun-baked Suez base that sprawls for 90 miles along the canal banks, British spotter planes droned last week, alert for Egyptian concentrations. Big, Sunderland flying boats rumbled in from Malta with 600 commandos to beef up the 80,000 British troops already crammed into Britain's Middle East bastion. All home leaves were canceled; British soldiers took over local water and power plants and set up checkpoints flanked by machine-gun nests, sandbags and barbed wire.

Egypt pulled back its best division from Gaza on the Israeli border, where it might be cut off, and sent soldiers to establish roadblocks on Cairo-to-Suez highways. Egyptian staff officers pored over studies of the 1951-52 fighting to make sure that they wouldn't make the same mistakes. The government restricted sales of supplies to the British garrison (Tommyes feared for their three-bottles-a-day quota of Stella beer).

"I don't like the look of it," murmured a worried British cabinet minister back in London. Three days later, he said: "It seems easier."

Both sides had talked themselves into an unhappy readiness to fight, while all the time hoping a fight might be avoided. To avoid inflaming the public, both nations, by unspoken agreement, had clamped a firm censorship on the almost daily clashes in the zone. Last week Britain's Minister of State Selwyn Lloyd broke the silence, reporting to the House of Commons that since April 1, Egyptians had on 30 occasions attacked British servicemen and installations. Egypt told foreign reporters that the British had killed eight Egyptians and wounded 17 others in the same period, but the volatile Cairo public was told not a word of this.

U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles arrived at the onset of the flurry (TIME, May 18), and his initial talk with

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MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Premier Mohammed Naguib was interrupted by a news bulletin about Churchill's parliamentary attack on Naguib.* Shortly afterward, both sides walked out, looking agitated. Asked about the inscribed pistol presented to him by Dulles on behalf of Old Soldier Eisenhower, Old Soldier Naguib displayed it coldly, said, with no interest: "It's just a common pistol."

Dulles' first written statement on the canal base had unhappy results. He intended to soften the effect of Churchill's blast, but the Egyptians and their noisy press took his remarks as a blanket endorsement of Churchill's position. Next day he managed to convince Egypt's emerging strong man, Lieut. Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, that the U.S. is not merely an echo of Churchill. Result: Egypt promised to "make no drastic moves" until Dulles gets back home.

EAST GERMANY

Hyenic Laughter

The pinnacle of hyenic humor was the hyena, the classic hyena, that hit too far back while running, would circle madly, snapping and tearing at himself until he pulled his own intestines out, and then stood there, jerking them out and eating them with relish.

—Ernest Hemingway
in *The Green Hills of Africa*

The only other animal known to man as a self-devourer is the Communist Party, which, from time to time, may be observed consuming its own entrails. Last

* Including a deliberate mispronunciation of the dictator's name, reminiscent of Churchill's contemptuous references to "Nahby" for "Nazi." He pronounces it "Nec-zwib" instead of "Nah-geeb," and with an air that seems to say no respectable fellow should have such a name.

week in East Germany, the hyena jaws were relishing a larger mouthful than usual: Franz Dahlem, No. 3 German Communist, Lorraine-born Comrade Dahlem, a Communist delegate to the German Reichstag from 1928 to 1932, was an International Brigade commissar in the Spanish Civil War. Interned by the French in 1939, he was turned over to the Gestapo three years later by the Vichy government and moved to a German concentration camp, from which he was liberated by the Red army.

A member of the party's Politburo, Central Committee and Secretariat, Dahlem headed the East German military buildup, and was East Germany's liaison man to the Cominform. Only two German Communists were bigger: Party General Secretary Walter Ulbricht, who toppled him, and Security Boss Wilhelm Zaisser, who arrested him. His crimes: "Political blindness." He was also charged with having supported Czech Communist Leader Rudolf Slansky, executed as a traitor last year. Warned the official announcement: "The investigation is not over yet." The hyena was still hungry.

THE PHILIPPINES

Against the Odds

In his 53 years, Carlos Romulo had climbed fast & far from the nipa shacks and tin roofs of his little town of Camiling, 75 miles north of Manila in Luzon. A graduate of the University of the Philippines, he rose to become a Pulitzer Prize-winning newsman, bestselling author (*I Saw the Fall of the Philippines*), Corregidor's "Voice of Freedom," a brigadier general in the U.S. Army under MacArthur, president of the fourth U.N. General Assembly, and finally his country's dual-role envoy to the U.N. and to Washington. But he was now a long way from

home, and a prophet only in distant lands.

A month ago President Elpidio Quirino, who is seeking re-election, called his Ambassador home, asked his help. They had a long conference, and parted amiably. Afterwards, Quirino announced that Romulo would head the Liberal Party's Senate ticket. "I like his spirit," said Quirino. But soon Carlos Romulo was also listening to advice of the Senate minority leader, Liberal Tomas Cabili, who thinks corruption in Quirino's administration has made Quirino unpopular with the people.

Last week Romulo announced that he had resigned his diplomatic jobs and would battle President Quirino for the Liberals' presidential nomination. He was running, said his letter of resignation, because "political confusion, social decay, and a noticeably growing lack of public confidence in government have created a . . . grave national peril." Replied Quirino the next day: "I have decided for the nomination and I shall get it." Countered Romulo, no longer polite to his former boss: "This is the Führer speaking."

Romulo had less than a week before the convention in which to combat Quirino's political skill, his control of the party machinery and of governmental patronage. The odds were heavy against him. Should he manage to beat the islands' slickest politician for the nomination, his opponent in the November election would be the popular Huk-slayer, Ramon Mag-saysay. But was Carlos Romulo downhearted? True to form, he beamed a toothy smile for photographers, uttered a headline: "I will not retreat."

WEST GERMANY

Panthers in the Streets

Hugo Werner was a tough, bossy German kid who liked to play cowboys and Indians. When his father was killed in an Allied air raid on Munich in 1943, twelve-year-old Hugo was shipped off to a children's camp in the country. There, as Hitler's armies crumbled, dark-eyed little Hugo recruited an army of his own; he called it the *Panther Bunde*. One morning last week Hugo Werner, 22, and seven of his Panthers shuffled awkwardly into a Munich courtroom and went on trial for a series of three cold-blooded murders.

Amid the ruins of postwar Munich, thousands of homeless and hungry kids like the Panthers hung around U.S. Army camps, begging food and money, stealing when they could not beg. The Panthers were more resourceful than most. In the summer of 1946, the Panthers dug up a formidable arsenal of pistols, carbines and even one light machine gun abandoned by the *Wehrmacht* near Munich.

Young & Silly. They also fell in with a 24-year-old petty criminal named Albrecht Sticht, who persuaded them to rob a service station. But a night watchman foiled the gang and grabbed one of the boys as they tried to get away. In a fiery rage, Werner decided to kill Sticht. "It's hard to say exactly why," mused Hugo last week. "We were young and silly then. Sticht had



CANDIDATE ROMULO (CENTER) & SUPPORTERS
He called his boss a Führer.

Rodolfo Sokalan—Manila Bulletin



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HUGO WERNER
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joined our gang later and we didn't trust him." At Werner's orders, Sticht was lured to a lonely house and shot in the back of the neck; then the kids hid his body in a pile of rubble. That was murder No. 1.

While the gang was getting rid of Sticht, police were questioning the Panther captured at the gas station. He named names; the whole gang was rounded up, and all were sentenced to two years in reform school. Not one Panther mentioned the murder of Sticht. When they got out in 1949, Werner drew up a constitution for the gang: "Security for all members, adequate living standards, 1,500,000 Deutsche Mark (\$357,143) to be amassed by all possible means, legal or illegal . . . treason to *Panther Bande* punishable by death." The document was signed in blood. Werner lost no time putting the new constitution into effect: he promptly killed the boy who had tattled. Thus cleansed, the gang went into action. They held up a cigar store, tried to kill a bank messenger (whose briefcase proved to be empty) and stuck up a small Munich hotel. Their take was next to nothing.

In 1951, a youngster named Erich Reuthner joined the band and told his mates that his uncle had a cache of money at home. The *Panther Bande* surrounded the uncle's house, called out his name, and when he appeared, shot and killed him. Overcome by remorse, Erich tried to commit suicide by shooting himself in the stomach; in his hospital bed later, he told police all. A month later the Panthers were all in jail once more.

Wrong & Evil. Awaiting trial, Chief Panther Werner wrote to a friend: "I can stand up to what I did. I shall not waver . . . I thought too much and got caught in the labyrinth . . . I can see today that what has happened was wrong and evil. We lived in tragic madness and believed the world to be essentially evil. Today I know this to be an oversimplification."

Whatever the court decided, Werner's life of "tragic madness" would not be snuffed out by the state; Germany's constitution, unlike the *Panther Bande's*, forbids capital punishment.

Quasi-Ratification

Adroit and persistent old Chancellor Konrad Adenauer got the European Army treaty and the German peace contract through West Germany's *Bundesrat* last March. Getting it past the *Bundesrat* (upper house) was harder. When he failed the first time, Adenauer announced coldly that he didn't need the *Bundesrat's* approval anyway. Soon a better idea appeared, and last week it came off. The *Bundesrat* took action, which, in Adenauer's view, at least puts it on record as favoring ratification. By a vote of 23-15, the upper house approved two annexes in the treaties dealing with taxes and customs, and disclaimed jurisdiction over the rest.

Adenauer is not yet over all his obstacles in West Germany. The Socialist opposition has started a court action to outlaw the treaties on the ground that the Bonn constitution makes no provision for rearmament. Moreover, before a single German soldier can pick up his gun, the other five signatories (France, Italy, Belgium, The Netherlands, Luxembourg) must ratify. So far none has.

CHINA

Adventuristic Progress

He who brags without shame will find it difficult to live up to his bragging.

—Confucius

Less than three months after shamelessly promising a vast industrial expansion in 1953, the Chinese Communists were finding that old Confucius was right after all. The Peking *People's Daily* accused everybody in sight of a "deviation of adventuristic progress," i.e., of rushing into projects without proper planning. Items:

❑ One electrical plant cannot be built this year because of a shortage of foreign drawing paper (for the blueprints).

❑ A machinery works at Anhwei promised a big expansion program, despite the fact that the existing plant had twice been flooded and was practically useless.

❑ "Certain comrades lack a practical spirit, do not take into account their resources and strength in drawing up plans, and proceed only from subjective aspirations."

In a speech at Peking last week, Vice Chairman Chia To-fu of the government's Economic and Financial Committee confessed: "On the whole, our industrial foundations are very weak and our industrial technique backward." Sixty per cent of all Chinese industry is now state-owned, Chia boasted, but obviously the state is having a hard time finding managers who know their jobs. Chia announced a new set of production goals, but did not compare them with the more grandiose targets proclaimed earlier. This year, said Chia, machine-tool production will in-



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crease 4.6% (not 34% as announced in February), petroleum 29.1% (instead of 42%). Peking had promised earlier to build or enlarge 21 steel mills and 24 machine-tool works in 1953; according to Chia, only four steel mills and ten machine-tool plants will be built or expanded.

More than an admission of foolish bragging was involved in the change of goals. The self-criticizing article in Peking's *People's Daily* amounted to a remarkable revelation of the hand-to-mouth nature of the entire industrialization program. Besides sloppy planning, the *People's Daily* admitted poor designing, serious shortages of skilled labor, general delays in delivery (presumably from Russia), and what was called "poor geological data." The pattern of cuts in mineral production and Chia's announcement of a 500% increase in "prospecting and development operations" indicates that China is a long way from getting tooled for production. Light industry has not even announced its targets for this year.

The *People's Daily* announced that all industrial designing will now be supervised by Soviet technicians, and spoke of a general redistribution of Russian interpreters. Delays of delivery from Russia might indicate that Moscow is parceling out its supplies slowly to make sure that China does not grow too self-sufficient too fast. A likelier explanation is that Russia has some priority problems of its own, and that the Trans-Siberian Railroad is overburdened because of the Korean war and the U.N. blockade of China.

FRANCE

Pipeline Anonymous

Although brandy is customarily drunk in elaborately small amounts, distillers (with a realistic appraisal of the demand) store it in vats often 32 ft. high and 39 ft. in diameter. A certain amount of evaporation occurs in these reservoirs, but not to the extent of 2,000 gallons a month or so, thought the owners of the Hazebrouck distillery in northern France. Yet their vats were guarded by special police, surrounded by high walls, and there seemed no opportunity for theft. Was there a leak? The Hazebrouck distillers drained off their largest vat. Peering into the darkness, workmen spied a small, shining object and uncovered the end of a metal tube. The tube led them under the distillery walls, 100 yds. along a ditch, across a meadow, into a garage on the national highway. "Mon Dieu! What a scheme!" said an admiring Frenchman. "You just turn a spigot and the liquor gushes out!" Arrested in Belgium, Garageowner Edouard Welcomme and his wife implicated others, and soon the town of Hazebrouck was filled with denunciations and counter-denunciations. Result: Abel Vandamme, a rich textile manufacturer living in a castle near Lille, and accused of being the "brain" of a gang of brandy siphoners, went on trial with 26 others in Hazebrouck last week for what French police grandly called the biggest alcohol fraud in French history.



As youngsters we know that our parents and teachers are always ready to scold us when we do wrong—or pat us on the back when we do manage to do something right. That's for our own good, perhaps. But what kid doesn't long for the day when he can call his life his own? Many young adults feel that they are really on their own at last when they start making plans with the help of a Massachusetts Mutual man—and older adults will agree.

Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, Springfield, Massachusetts

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Face Lifting for Niagara

Honeymooners who take time to gaze at Niagara Falls seldom find cause for complaint, but a joint U.S.-Canadian commission of experts does.

At present, water roars over the falls at 200,000 cubic feet a second, constantly eroding the crest of the falls. Because the water rushes over the jagged crest in uneven quantities (most of it on the Canadian side), it appears in varying shades of green, unattractive to purists.

After 30 months of study, the commission last week produced a plan to 1) fight erosion and beautify the falls, 2) make them produce more electric power. The scheme calls for underwater gates, a mile above the falls, which will provide an even flow and will enable engineers to slow down the water. If the project is approved by the U.S. Congress and Canada's Parliament, Niagara will run full blast from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. during the tourist season. At night it will be slowed to half speed, with hydroelectric plants harnessing the excess water. Result: the steady erosion of the falls' crests will slow down, and the water will be a uniform aquamarine. Cost: \$17,536,000.

BRAZIL

Pious Festival

It looked like carnival time in Rio. Firecrackers popped, and from balconies flowers rained. Rio was welcoming a small (44 in., 33 lbs.) white & gold statue of Our Lady of Fátima, whose famous shrine in Portugal is rivaling even Lourdes in popularity (TIME, May 14, 1951). As the statue, on tour of the world since the

spring of 1947, moved through the streets in a gilded carriage, Cariocas followed, cheering and weeping. Even the devotees of African white magic came out of Rio favelas (hillside slums). Little girls, dressed as angels and as the Virgin herself, stood along the way.

Climax of the celebration was a mid-night Mass in Rio's Municipal Stadium, jammed to nearly double capacity by the biggest turnout Rio could remember, topping even the most popular football game. Later, when a photographer's flashbulb exploded, a man blind for 27 years cried: "I see a light! Thank you, *Nossa Senhora de Fátima!*" Churchmen did not claim any miracles for the Lady, but others did, fervently. One man who said that the statue could work miracles was challenged by a skeptic. In the argument that followed, the two men drew their knives. The believer was stabbed to death.

MEXICO

Two Planes and a Bomb

Scene: The Aeronaves de Mexico airline office in the sweltering west-coast town of Culiacán. Time: 9 a.m. A nervous man in khaki shoves a heavy drum-shaped package across the counter.

The airline clerk, making out a waybill: "Contents?"

The nervous man: "White lead paint."

"Your name?"

"Jesús Montes . . . Look, this package absolutely must be on the 10:05 direct plane to La Paz in Lower California."

"Sure, sure."

The nervous man walks away quickly.

Airline clerks, however, sometimes have a way of being forgetful. Despite his assurances, the clerk neglects to put the

package on the direct plane to La Paz. Instead, he routes it to La Paz via Mazatlán. Accordingly, it is put aboard a DC-3 leaving for Mazatlán at 10:15 and due there at 11:30.

No one among the DC-3's five passengers and three crew members suspects the real contents of the heavy package: high explosive mixed with steel shot and a clock timed to set it off at 11:20.

Stiff tailwinds whip the plane along, unexpectedly clipping minutes off the scheduled flight time. In a fateful contest unknown to the people on the plane, the tailwinds race the ticking bomb. At 11:05, 25 minutes ahead of schedule, the DC-3 touches down at Mazatlán's palm-fringed airport. The heavy package is taken off the plane and, while the DC-3 takes off again, it is placed in a luggage cart. At 11:20 the bomb bursts. It kills three airport employees and wrecks the control tower. At the same moment, the direct plane to La Paz for which the package was meant is high over the Gulf of California, safe.

That was the drama which confronted Mexican police last week. Quickly, the cops had quite a clue thrust at them: one of the passengers, José Alfredo del Valle, 44, was found hanging, a belt around his neck, from a tree in a La Paz park. Cut down and revived, he insisted: "I was just trying to enjoy the view from the tree." The cops showed a picture of Del Valle to the airline clerk in Culiacán. "That," said the clerk, "is the man who called himself Jesús Montes."

Del Valle confessed an extraordinary story: deep in debt, he had wanted to commit suicide by blowing up the plane. After first trying to get a dupe to take his place, he decided to kill himself in a way that would look accidental, so that his family could collect \$100,000 insurance.

EL SALVADOR

Popular Diplomat

In the soft-lighted corners of El Morocco, or in the sun of Southampton Beach, the talk grows nostalgic and just a little pained when someone mentions Angier Biddle Duke. "Somehow," a handsome young person will say, "I always expected something like this from Angie."

In the good old days, Tobacco Heir "Angie" Duke was the favorite of society columnists. At his Southampton estate, playfully known as the Duke Box, Hedy Lamarr and Jimmy Stewart used to rub bronzed elbows with Henry Ford II, and some of Manhattan's tonier artists went swimming with visiting English Titties. But Angie (who worked his way up from private to major in World War II) started brooding about a career.

Ambassador Stanton Griffis took him along to Buenos Aires and Madrid as a sort of social secretary. So enthusiastically did Angie cotton to the diplomatic life that last year Harry Truman appointed him



WELCOMING OUR LADY OF FÁTIMA IN RIO
Also cheers, tears and a rain of flowers.

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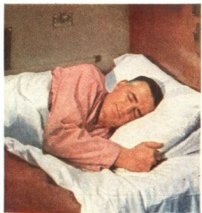
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Royal welcome for rayon!

SOMETHING NEW has been added to the pageantry of Britain's long-awaited coronation. Rayon and acetate will make their royal bows!

London's top-flight fashion designers have featured these man-made fibers in the elegant fabrics of their coronation collections. Their creations range from richly textured afternoon dresses to be worn in Westminster Abbey—to breath-taking evening gowns for peeresses, vying in color, gaiety and splendor with the history-making spectacle itself.

Rising to great occasions is a habit with these most versatile and best-known of man-made fibers. It explains why textile designers have been so successful in adapting them to the needs of high fashion and everyday wear alike.

And here's a fashion footnote: Right now, exciting Avisco rayon and acetate dresses, in coronation-inspired colors and patterns, are being shown in the finest stores everywhere. Be sure to see them. American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue New York 1, N. Y.

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U.S. Embassy

AMBASSADOR & MRS. DUKE
He asked the cook to dance.

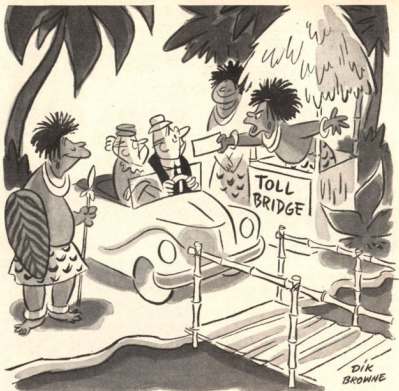
Ambassador to El Salvador. There, to the vast astonishment of Southampton, El Morocco and the Department of State, he has proved himself one of the best ambassadors the U.S. has ever sent to Latin America.

Angie rolled up the French cuffs on his monogrammed English shirt and set out to make friends high & low. He always got to his office at 8 a.m. He traveled to villages where no American had ever been seen before, delivered speeches in good Spanish before civic groups, labor unions and schoolchildren at the rate of two a week. "He has dedicated more sewers, slaughterhouses and clinics than a half-dozen politicians," wrote one admiring Salvadoran newspaperman. Once, when he turned up at a dinner celebrating the opening of a library in dusty Suchitoto (pop. 10,619), he called in the cook, asked her to dance with him.

When twice-divorced Angie Duke became a Roman Catholic and married the beautiful granddaughter of a Spanish marquis, their delight with "El Duke" was complete. It was not unusual for President Oscar Osorio himself to drive up unannounced to the embassy and take potluck luncheon with the Dukes.

Ambassador Duke spent the night after the U.S. election writing letters to Republican Senators, pleading to be kept on. Nevertheless, Washington decided to let him go. This week, at 37 still the youngest ambassador in U.S. history, Angie Duke surrenders his post to former State Department Press Chief Mike McDermott.

In San Salvador, there were farewell banquets and tearful speeches. At El Morocco the question was: Would the prodigal return? His old friends were doubtful. As they heard it, Angie was dead serious about this diplomatic thing, was trying his best to get another diplomatic job.



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Her parents announced that **Sara Delano Roosevelt**, 21, socialite millionheir's and granddaughter of F.D.R., will become the June bride of a Manhattan barber's son. A Bryn Mawr junior, the bride-to-be is the daughter of Jimmie Roosevelt and the former Betsey Cushing, who divorced Roosevelt in 1940 and is now the wife of Financier **John Hay ("Jock") Whitney**. The engagement announcement broke the news that Whitney, with the consent of Jimmie Roosevelt, had legally adopted Sara in 1940 to put her in line for the family fortune (reportedly around \$50 million). The groom-to-be is Concert Pianist Anthony di Bonaventura, 23, whom Sara met in Philadelphia two years ago while he was a music student at Curtis Institute. "Her millions don't impress me," he told reporters. Papa and Mama di Bonaventura, who had already entertained the Whitneys at a la-sagna dinner in their East 17th Street flat, reported back to a chauffeur-driven visit to the 900-acre Whitney estate in Manhasset, Long Island: "We just had a good time talking and looking around. All very nice people."

Mamie Eisenhower, during Spring Week festivities at Brother-in-Law Milton Eisenhower's Pennsylvania State College, obligingly crowned Madeline Sharp of Herndon, Va. "Miss Penn State," then added a fillip by giving the winner a vigorous bear hug.

Major General **William F. Dean**, former 24th Infantry Division commander, who got the Medal of Honor in *absentia* after his capture outside Taejon in 1950, will get some news from Washington to brighten his grey life in prison camp: President Eisenhower nominated Dean (a

Regular Army brigadier general with a temporary two-star rank) for permanent major general.

Durable Cinemactress **Joan Crawford**, doing her first song & dance role in 13 years in M-G-M's Technicolored *Torch Song*, struck a bar-stool pose with her French poodle to give shapely proof that the famed Crawford legs are still worth the price of admission.

The riot squad was called out in Naples to quiet down a mutinous theater audience and remind Crooner **Frank Sinatra** that the show must go on. Billed to appear with his cinemactress wife **Ava Gardner**, Frankie had already left a matinee crowd grumbling by showing up without Ava



VON CRAMM & HUTTON
On the Riviera, a rumor.

1924 Chicago murder of 14-year-old Bobby Franks, learned that the parole board had turned down his bid for freedom after 28 years in stir because he "is not the right type of man to go back to society." Told not to apply for parole again until 1965, Leopold, a Phi Beta Kappa who has studied 26 languages in prison, said he was "somewhat disappointed," but could "only accept the decision as gracefully as possible."

Five & Dime Heiress **Barbara Hutton** and German Tennis Ace **Baron Gottfried von Cramm**, her "dearest friend for years" (notably since her 1951 divorce from her fourth husband, Prince Igor Troubetzkoy), were together again on the Riviera, giving weight to stories that their oft-rumored marriage was finally about to come off. Von Cramm's mother, in fact, had reportedly bustled off to Paris to make the arrangements.



JOAN CRAWFORD & POODLE
Before the dance, a reminder.

(supposedly ailing in Milan). The excitable evening customers, who had paid \$5 to \$7.50 for their seats, hooted and howled when Sinatra—still solo—walked off after singing one song. Police restored order, persuaded him to finish the act.

Baseball's center-fielding DiMaggio dynasty ended when **Dominic** ("The Little Professor") DiMaggio, 35, fleet, spectacled Boston Red Sox fly hawk (lifetime batting average: .298) announced his voluntary retirement, 13 years after his major-league debut, to join in pasture big brothers **Joe** (now a television performer) and **Vince** (now a liquor salesman).

Thrill-Killer **Nathan Leopold**, 48, serving a life term in Joliet, Ill. prison for teaming with Richard Loeb (knifed to death by a fellow inmate in 1936) in the

Cinemactress **Gene Tierney** and **Aly Khan** (who was divorced last January by **Rita Hayworth**) were winding up a three-week holiday at his Irish "hiding place"—a 700-acre stud farm outside the tiny village of Kilcullen. Newsmen, dutifully noting the first morning that a maid was pulling the curtains in Gene's room while an electric razor buzzed four windows away, kept close watch but could report nothing more than a circumspet round of sight-seeing through the countryside, hand-holding beside a lake, a visit to Dublin's Royal Theater and the prince's victory (his 102nd win as a jockey) in the last race at the Kilbeggan Meeting. While the cheering track crowd shouted, "Good old Alec McCann" (Aly's local nickname), Gene burred, "Cheri, you were wonderful." The Kilcullen villagers watched the holidaying couple good-humoredly, especially after the prince donated £100 to help build a new school. Said one: "He didn't give a cent when he had Rita up here. It's a sign—you would know to look at him that he is happier with this one."



MAMIE EISENHOWER & FRIEND
After a crown, a fillip.



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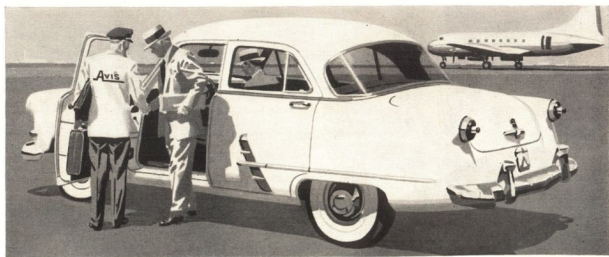


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MUSIC

Menotti Tries Again

Still smarting from the critical response of his native Italy to his *Medium* and *Consul* in the past three seasons, Composer Gian-Carlo Menotti tried again last week; he staged his little Christmas TV opera, *Ama! and the Night Visitors*, in Florence's Pergola Theater. Standing in the wings, Menotti felt reasonably confident this time: Leopold Stokowski conducted with a sure hand, a dressy international audience admired the handsome settings, stopped the show after a flashing dance sequence, and cheered up ten curtain calls for the cast at the end. Even the stage electrician admitted he liked it.

But when the reviews came out, it began to look like the same old story. Most critics rapped the opera, and some were scathing. The critic of Rome's *Il Tempo* totted up demerits: "Music? Zero. Originality? Artistic taste? Zero." There was a minority of approvals, led by Milan's influential *Corriere della Sera*: "A vibrant success . . . Menotti is an artist of tradition, a most Italian artist." Said Menotti: "Well, the reviews weren't all good, but the good ones were real raves—the first I've gotten in Italy. I must admit it feels wonderful."

Touring Bostonians

On at least one proposition, music-loving Bostonians consistently cast a unanimous vote: their Boston Symphony Orchestra is the best in the world. Last summer, with the missionary spirit of Pilgrim Fathers, they dipped into pocket, sent the Boston's 102 instrumentalists, under Conductors Charles Munch and Pierre Monteux, on their first tour of darkest Europe—Amsterdam, Brussels, London and Paris (*TIME*, May 19, 1952). This spring, their faith confirmed by a Europe obviously thronging with converts, they dug down again, sent the Boston on its first broad tour through the dark regions west of the Alleghenies.

Matter of Pride. Among the larger cities on the itinerary were New Orleans, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Denver. But the Boston also carried its flag into such towns as El Paso, Texas, Santa Barbara, Fresno, and Sacramento, Calif., and Provo, Utah. Wherever it went, the Boston offered only one standard: the same kind of solid musical fare it plays at home, with generous servings of Brahms, Berlioz, Stravinsky and Honegger.

The Boston's trustees did not expect the 7,000-mile trip to pay for itself, and the final deficit is likely to be the expected one: close to \$30,000. But they counted with confidence on making new friends for the orchestra—and new customers for the Boston's recordings.

The trip was also a matter of pride with the trustees, conductors and musicians: the name of Serge Koussevitzky, who was the Boston's director for 25 years, was a household word across the U.S. Since his departure in 1949, they felt that the or-

chestra had to prove itself all over again. And, said Manager George E. Judd at mid-tour, "We're proving it."

Eager Greeters. While the orchestra was proving itself, its members were piling up travel stories. About half of them were in the West for the first time; a good 80% spent hours snapping scenery with their cameras. In El Paso, enthusiastic Texans draped Conductor Monteux in a Mexican serape; in Tucson, a vigilante committee routed Conductor Munch out of his berth and—with assurances that it was the greatest prize within their gift—led him to a tree, slung a rope around his



George Humphrey

CONDUCTORS MONTEUX & MUNCH
In Tucson, an honorary hanging.

neck and treated him to an honorary hanging.

Last week, swinging homeward through Denver and Chicago, the traveling Bostonians began to think that perhaps the heathen west of the mountains were more eager for salvation than the faithful at home. "They just seem to explode with the music, here in the West," said a percussionist after an overflow concert in Provo. Said a clarinetist, thinking of the many times that Southern and Western audiences had given the Bostonians standing ovations:

"Back home, they take us so much more for granted."

Faun in a Mirror

To the late great dancer Vaslav Nijinsky, the *Afternoon of a Faun* was a lazy, sensual episode in the life of a mythological goat-man; he danced it (to Debussy's famed music) in horns, tail and dappled tights. Manhattan's Choreographer Jerome Robbins, 34, had a different idea. Last week the New York City Ballet presented the Robbins-version faun as a Narcissus rather than a goat-man; the title



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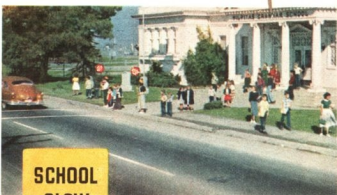
SOFT SHOULDER

Drive carefully when you see this sign. If you're going too fast you may skid off into mud and wind up in a hospital. Good maintenance with a motor grader can provide wide, firm shoulders.



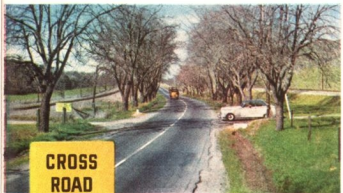
NARROW BRIDGE

Here is a bad one! Approach with caution and don't try meeting another car here. Culverts and bridges should be built to highway width, and highways should be wide enough for safe passing.



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Slow is right! Remember, those children have to cross, and they trust you to let them do it safely. Some day all busy highways will bypass towns, and more youngsters will live to grow up.



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GET THE KNACK...DRINK

GIN AND Quinac
QUININE WATER

role went to a shirtless young ballet dancer in practice tights.

What the première audience saw first was Dancer Francisco Moncion resting on a practice-room floor. He began to stretch and ripple his muscles, then caught sight of himself in an imaginary mirror and went into a self-admiring performance. Ballerina Tanaquil LeClercq entered, joined in the mirror work. Eventually Faun Moncion turned and kissed Nymph LeClercq on the cheek. As if jolted by seeing each other as real people rather than mirror images, faun and nymph broke apart. She glided away, and he lay down for another rest as the curtain fell.

The audience, some of it expecting the old (and more emphatic) goat-man



Gene Pyle
MONCION & LECLERCQ
Through the looking glass.

theme, was somewhat surprised by the innovations. But it admired the performance, burst into applause during one superbly turned movement, and at the end clapped until the house lights went up.

Choreographer Robbins, who knows his audiences (from his work for such hits as *The King and I* and *The Cage*), thought moderns would be bored by the tired old staging of Nijinsky's *Faun*, wanted to do something new that "recaptured its tensions." He got his idea during a lull in a ballet practice session, watching a youngster languorously stretching at the barre and enjoying the movements of his own body. The ballet's evolution was neither easy nor fast: three years after the original idea came to him, Robbins got down to work, took six weeks to whip it into final shape.

The *Times*'s John Martin found it hard to take. "Nothing whatever of choreographic texture," he wrote, and doubted "whether it is to everybody's taste." The *Herald Tribune*'s Walter Terry decided that "the idea itself possesses impact [done with] taste and tenderness, some wry humor and much beauty."

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*Reader's Digest
January, 1950



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MEDICINE

Germes of Untruth

Into U.S. medical libraries each week pours a flood of technical journals in a score of languages. Some are more reliable than others, but essentially all have one characteristic in common: their learned articles are penned by specialists who describe in detail only the experiments which they have personally conducted, report results personally observed.

Among the latest batch of publications was a sleeper: a special issue of the *Chinese Medical Journal*, now subtitled "the official organ of the Chinese Medical Association." Printed in English in Peking, the special issue is nothing but an assemblage of the Communist charges that the U.S. Air Force has waged germ warfare against North Korea and China. But this time, in an effort to camouflage their propaganda as "science," the Reds have persuaded five Western scientists to endorse their germ-war "evidence." The endorsement made a striking example of how five experts, each of high repute in his own field, can forget all about scientific method. The five:

ANDREA ANDREEN (Sweden), biochemist.
JEAN MALTERRE (France), animal physiologist.

JOSEPH NEEDHAM (Britain), biochemist and embryologist.

OLIVIERO OLIVO (Italy), anatomist.

SAMUEL PESSÓA (Brazil), parasitologist.

Of the five, only Pessóá is an avowed Communist, but the rest, with strong pro-Communist leanings, have repeatedly fronted for the Reds. None had any special knowledge of bacteriology, entomology or epidemiology—which should have been essential for an investigation of Communist charges that the U.S. was waging war with flea-borne and fly-borne germs. Yet the five joined a U.S.S.R. bacteriologist, "investigated" the charges as a six-man commission, and found them "true."

Shiniest button on the Reds' false front was Cambridge University's Professor Needham, whose summary of achievements fills 5½ in. in the British *Who's Who*, and who reads and writes Chinese (he was once attached as a scientist to the British embassy in Chungking). But Needham himself has admitted that the commission operated unscientifically.

Specifically, he acknowledged that:

None of the commission's members themselves ever saw anything—test tube or receptacle—being dropped by a U.S. plane. They made no investigations at points where germ bombs were alleged to have been dropped; when they asked to go to such places, the Chinese and North Koreans fobbed them off with vague excuses. They made no bacteriological tests themselves, and they did no on-the-spot laboratory work on infected insects supposed to have been air-dropped. They did not examine a single patient of the many who, the Reds said, had been made ill by airborne bacteria.



Combine

BRITAIN'S NEEDHAM
On a false front, a shiny button.

What proof had they of any of the Reds' charges? Sweden's Dr. Andreen was frank. Said she: "We felt so sure of the integrity of our Chinese hosts that we entirely trusted [their] statements." Asked what proof he had of any specific charge of germ-dropping, Cambridge's Needham answered: "None. We accepted the word of the Chinese scientists." Clearly, despite its long and deliberate self-exposure to the virus of Communism, Needham's system has developed no protective antibodies. Yet in a 1948 book, he wrote: "In China, as much as if not more than anywhere else, it is impossible to judge from hearsay."

Cancer & Glands

A slender, shortish man with crew-cut grey hair stood up in Houston last week to tell about his work in an improbable and seemingly unpromising field: castration. When Charles Brenton Huggins, 51, had finished, officials and guests of the M.D. Anderson Hospital for Cancer Research applauded him lustily. For though he had belittled his success and attributed much of it to luck, Dr. Huggins had communicated the enthusiasm and restless energy with which he fights on one of the many fronts against cancer.

Canadian-born Dr. Huggins settled in Chicago soon after he got out of Harvard Medical School and began seeking ways to relieve the human misery that cancer causes. Unlike many of his colleagues, who can do pure research with an eye to the far future, Dr. Huggins has never been able to sound dispassionate. His belief in the frontal attack—what he calls "cancer research with one eye on the cancer of a man"—has led him into more than one phase after rainbows, such as a universal blood test for cancer. But it has also led him, after a trying period of roundabout re-

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Many people who are allergic to pollens or other substances now can lead more normal lives because of the development of new drugs. In many cases, physicians are able to give their patients dramatic relief from allergic conditions—ranging from the extreme discomfort of asthma to the seasonal distress caused by hay fever and poison ivy.

The medical profession now has a powerful new approach to the treatment of allergies—Hydrocortisone. This new product, like cortisone to which it is closely related, was developed in the Merck Research Laboratories. Mounting clinical experience shows its highly beneficial effects in more than fifty diseases.

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RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY

Once upon a time

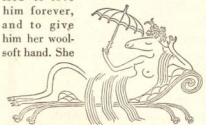
there was a genuine synthetic prince. His name was Dacron. He was strong. He was handsome. He was versatile. He'd even been on television. But still he was unhappy. He felt he was missing something. But he didn't know what. So he went to see the old family psychiatrist. The doctor stroked his goatee and told him: "You're living too artificial a life. Get out of that laboratory and find

yourself a mate. It'll make a world of difference in the way you look and feel."

So Prince Dacron donned his neon crown and made a scientific search. But it was no use.

Downhearted he shed a test-tube tear. He was just about to give up when he saw HER and fell head over electrons in love. He heaved a synthetic sigh and clanked, "It had to be ewe." He proposed, "Lambkins, be mine and you'll never have to worry about wrinkles. I'll make you stronger, lighter, and cooler, too. You'll live to a magnificent old age. And you'll never have to fear wet weather again."

She made sheep's eyes at him, promised to love him forever, and to give him her wool-soft hand. She



plighted to share her famous affinity for fine tailoring. She vowed that her rich and luxurious beauty would henceforth be his.

In time they were blessed with an heir, who combined the best qualities of both. Richness and resilience. Style and strength. Luxury and long life. At first sight, Prince Dacron exclaimed, "It's a miracle!" "No dear," said his wife, "It's a Viracle." And they were both right. And when you see, and try, the Viracle® suit of 55% Dacron, 45% wool, (by Milliken) you'll know why. Your HART SCHAFFNER & MARX dealer has one in your size that's up for adoption right now.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. HS&M, Chicago, Ill.

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search into the function of the prostate gland in dogs, to castration.

Female Hormones. Cancer of the prostate in man, Dr. Huggins found, depends to a great extent for its growth on the presence of male hormones in the system. Remove the source of the hormones, and 95% of prostate cancers shrink (though 75% later become active again). "Of course we never use the word castration," he says. "It has had psychological connotations. It's like a doctor who is about to take out your appendix saying, 'I'm going to butcher you up.'" Sometimes Surgeon Huggins does remove the testicles, but often their hormones can be neutralized, without operation, by a female hormone.

Breast cancer (which occurs in men as well as women) is often of a type which shows the converse: it is dependent on female hormones, and can be controlled when they are eliminated. This may be done for women by removing the ovaries or giving male hormones, in men by hormones alone.

Good Recoveries. Along his research way, Dr. Huggins was depressed by the fact that the adrenal glands also produce male and female hormones, and their output could cancel the benefits of castration. Five years ago no patient could have survived for long without adrenal glands. But now Dr. Huggins is enormously encouraged because cortisone has made it possible to remove both sex glands and adrenals.

"We did the first of these operations two years ago," he recalls, "on a woman who had a life expectancy then of six weeks and needed nurses around the clock. She's driving a car now and shopping at the supermarket."

Dr. Huggins glows with satisfaction over the successful cases—"I see a man brought in on a stretcher and I write out a prescription, and then see him come in again in a couple of weeks, hale and hearty; or a bedridden woman will get up and go to work. These are great changes. It's really something to see." But Dr. Huggins is still unashamedly upset over the high percentage of prostate cases which relapse and the large proportion of breast cancers which do not yield at all. "The problem," he says, "is unendurably sad." Dr. Huggins refuses to lower his sights: "What I'm interested in is widespread cancer, the kind that is too big to be removed by surgery or treated by radiation."

Capsules

Because of the apparent relationship between heavy cigarette smoking and lung cancer, famed Surgeon Alton Ochsner of New Orleans laid it on the line: "I advise the man who smokes heavily, especially if he is over 40, to have a chest X ray every six months—or preferably every three months—so that the physician can find the cancer, if one develops, while surgery can still cure it."

Virginia doctors reported a new use for cortisone and ACTH: three small children, bitten by copperheads, were giv-



RICHARD PERVIN
SURGEON HUGGINS

The word has a bad connotation.

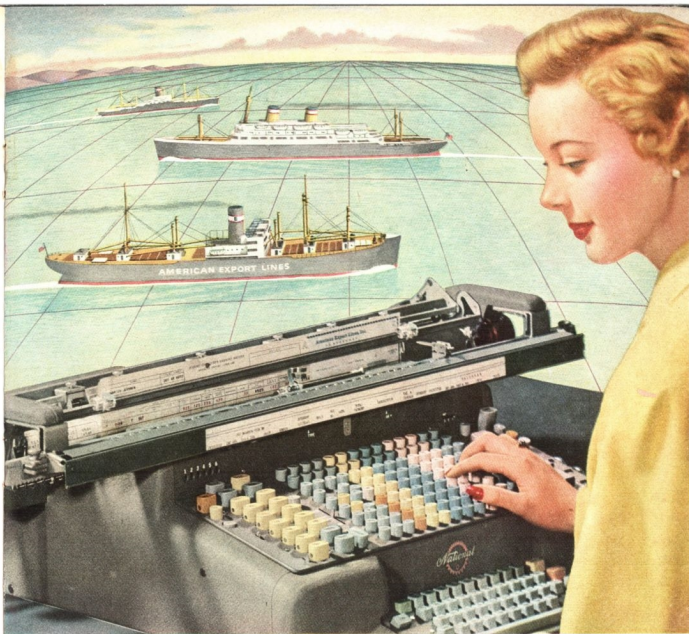
en the standard anti-venom treatment but still had little chance of recovery. Two got better quickly after injections of cortisone, the third after ACTH.

When cerebral palsied children are being taught muscular coordination by playing with blocks and other toys, they are often frustrated and discouraged because they keep knocking the blocks down. At the Children's Rehabilitation Institute in Cockeysville, Md., Therapist Ruth Brunyate had an idea: put permanent magnets in the blocks. Now the youngsters build more durable castles.

Britons consume 10 million aspirin tablets a day, and the fact drew from a British doctor, fortnight ago, the sad diagnosis: "A nation which is sick and tired." Americans top this, said the University of Maryland's Dr. John C. Krantz Jr. last week; they consume 42 million aspirins a day. All it means, added Krantz, is an increased tempo of life: "In the old days, if somebody missed a stage coach, he was willing to wait around a couple of days for the next one. Now we swear if we miss a slot in a revolving door."

Plastic Surgeon Paul W. Greeley of Chicago disclosed that when Roger Lee Brodie died (TIME, Feb. 2), skin was taken from his body and put in a freezer. Three weeks later, some of it was used to cover one side of the brain of his separated Siamese twin, Rodney. This graft took well, but another, after seven weeks, failed. Rodney, said his chief surgeon, is "progressing well."

The Brunnhild strain of polio virus, believed to be the one which causes most cases of the disease, has at last been adapted to grow in mice by Drs. C. P. Li and Morris Schaeffer of the U.S. Public Health Service. Significance: suspected polio cases can now be tested more easily and cheaply; it may be possible to work out a test for susceptibility to polio, and to develop a safe "live virus" vaccine.



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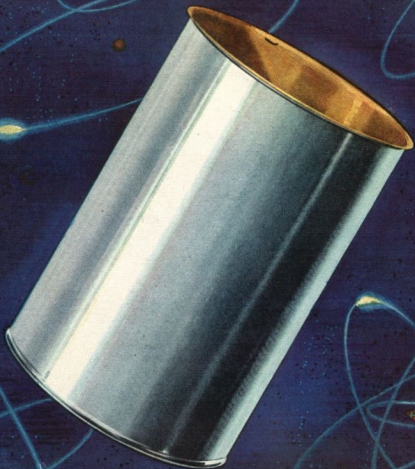
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For we know that, appetizing and wholesome as canned foods now are, our food-packaging customers look to Continental to keep them informed on ways to make these foods better and more economical.

Right now we are giving our support and financial backing to two universities whose laboratories are equipped to explore sterilization of foods by atomic radiation. Work is being conducted using mechanically generated multimillion volt cathode rays. Atomic fission waste products sources for gamma rays are also being investigated.

It has already been established that cold sterilization with atomic radiations will destroy all bacteria in foods without otherwise affecting them. Atomic sterilized foods are essentially like raw, fresh foods. But, from a commercial point of view, there are problems. Cost is one. Another is the safety of workers handling atomic fission products or high-voltage generating equipment. And there are many details which must be worked out concerning the food itself. So there is need for a great deal of further comprehensive investigation.

However, Continental scientists are convinced that the day will come when atomic radiations will be used to cold-sterilize certain packaged foods. We are encouraging and closely following research in this field. So if and when "atomic canning" becomes practical, Continental will be able to supply the best in containers and the best in counsel to the food-packing industry.

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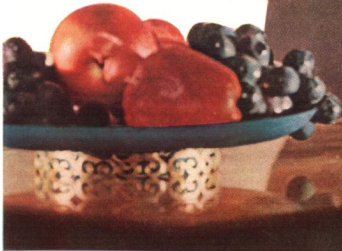
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RELIGION

More Missionaries

Protestant missionaries have been expelled from the mainland of China, and have been officially discouraged in other parts of Asia and the Near East. Yet more U.S. Protestant missionaries are in the field today than ever before. Last week the National Council of Churches announced that 18,004 of them were serving overseas at the end of 1952—3,000 more than in 1950.

Africa and Latin America are supplanting Asia as prime Protestant mission targets. In 1938, according to the council's estimates, China stations accounted for about 28% of all U.S. Protestant missionaries abroad; the figure for China had

released and sent homeward via Moscow and Berlin. Each was given a tweed suit to wear, and it was in these that they arrived at New York's International Airport last week. Before they are assigned to new mission duties abroad, they will have "months" of rest at home: Evangelist Smith in Marshall, Mo., Nurse Rosser in Lynchburg, Va., and Teacher Dyer in Conway, Ark.

In Defense of Women

"Is Modern Woman a Failure?" So read the program topic at a diocesan conference of Roman Catholic women in Boston last week, and some 1,500 women turned out to listen.

"Modern woman," Jesuit Father Joseph



EVANGELIST SMITH, NURSE ROSSER & TEACHER DYER
Thirteen was their lucky number.

International

dropped to 4½% last year, with most of the remaining missionaries in Formosa and Hong Kong. In the same 14-year period, the percentage of U.S. missionaries assigned to Latin America and the West Indies rose from 16% to 27%, the percentage assigned to Africa (south of the Sahara) from 15% to 25%.

The three leading missionary denominations: the Methodists (with 1,527 missionaries and a mission budget of \$9,107,987 last year), the northern Presbyterians (1,176 and \$6,633,753) and the Seventh-Day Adventists (1,107 and \$13,784,137).

A few nights after the Korean war began, Methodist Missionaries Bertha Smith, an evangelist, Helen Rosser, a nurse, and Nellie Dyer, a teacher, were arrested in Kaesong by North Korean Communists. For the next three years they were moved from one camp to another—13 times in all.

Three weeks ago the three women were

F. Cantillon told them, "has sold out to commercialism and allowed her God-given body to be exploited in the cheapest of ways, destroyed the home and the real meaning of family life." Moreover, she has "robbed man of his birthright by wearing the pants in the family."

Jesuit Father Gerard Murphy came to women's defense: "Just because the average woman wants to look her best doesn't mean that she has given up the sacred ideals of womanhood or motherhood. . . . And the reason she has to wear the pants is because man has hung them up and there's no one else to wear them. . . . Nowadays, a girl marries a fellow at 25, and 15 years later finds she is still mated with a Boy Scout."

Father Cantillon's summation: "Back in 1870 or 1880, women took the wrong road when, as feminists, they undertook the foolish course of demanding women's rights. It was as if they wanted to be half



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BOMBAY	13	45
CAIRO	5	45
CALCUTTA	14	20
COLOMBO	16	35
DELHI	12	50
ENTEBE	12	00
JOHANNESBURG	17	40
KARACHI	11	10
KHARTOUM	8	55
LIVINGSTONE (Victoria Falls)	15	45
RANGOON	16	10
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woman and half man, as if they were... ashamed of being women."

Then it was the women's turn to talk. Their best answer to Father Cantillon: the rising U.S. birthrate indicates that motherhood is still going strong.

The Liberal

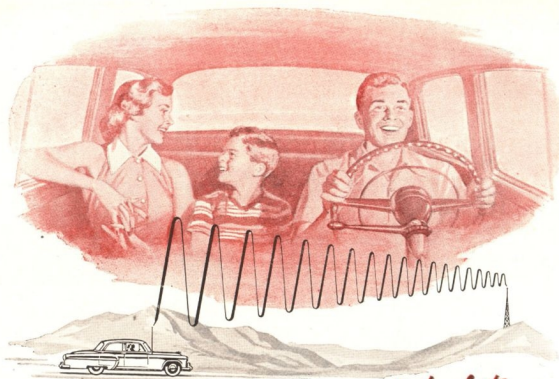
It was quite a birthday present: \$250,000 from John D. Rockefeller III to establish the Harry Emerson Fosdick visiting professorship at Union Theological Seminary. At Union's annual alumni dinner this week, President Henry P. Van Dusen announced the gift and its terms: "To honor Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick for his distinguished contributions as teacher, preacher, writer and counselor, and to strengthen the training of the... leaders of the Christian church so as to enable them in their generation, as Dr. Fosdick has in his generation, to interpret the abiding truths and experiences of Christian faith..."

Guest of honor 75-year-old Harry Fosdick sat pink-cheeked and snap-eyed through the encomiums. Then he rose to speak for himself with the familiar, measured voice that was the best-known and most influential one in Protestantism during the '20s and '30s.

"This seminary made my ministry possible," he said. "Over 50 years ago, I came here a confused and hungry student, wishing above all else to teach and preach the Christian gospel, but wondering how I could do it with intellectual integrity and self-respect. And here the doors were opened..."

Three Hours a Day. Harry Fosdick grew up in Buffalo, the son of a high-school principal who believed that Christianity was more important than sects. He gave young Harry a course in the same conviction by bringing him up a Baptist (by immersion), sending him to a Presbyterian Sunday school, and letting him enroll in a Methodist young people's society. In Colgate University Harry Fosdick encountered Doubt. "I'm building another [universe] and leaving God out," he told his mother. But God got back in through the interstellar space, and in 1901 Fosdick was at Union, preparing for the ministry.

In 1904 he graduated (*summa cum laude*), married Florence Whitney, a Worcester, Mass. manufacturer's daughter, and took a pastorate at the First Baptist Church in Montclair, N.J. For the next eleven years, First Baptist grew and flourished under his magnetic pulpit, and Harry Fosdick grew with it. Each morning at 9 he shut himself up in an unmarked office and spent three hours soaking up philosophy and literature in preparation for his Sunday sermons. Christian behavior, not doctrine, was what he preached; he was against materialism and sin, and for the righteous life. But though what he had to say was not startling, he said it with such eloquence, and such a wealth of practical application, that his suburbanite parishioners were stirred and delighted. By the time World War I took him overseas as a Y.M.C.A. worker, Harry Emerson Fosdick knew how to prepare and



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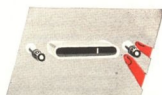


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 Push-button setting to any five predetermined stations, without tools . . . re-setting is equally easy. Manual control also provided. Dual-purpose tubes afford extra long-range performance . . . automatic volume control prevents fading.



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preach a sermon that would vibrate through a congregation for days.

Heresy & Tears. In 1919 he went to a more influential pulpit. Three churches in downtown Manhattan had just joined to form the First Presbyterian Church of New York City, and the new church called Baptist Fosdick to become associate pastor, with preaching as his only duty. And preach he did. Crowds jammed the pews and stood in the aisles. Such conservative Protestants as William Jennings Bryan and Gresham Machen viewed his liberalism with alarm, and denounced him as a "modernist."

In 1922, Fosdick preached a sermon entitled "Shall the Fundamentalists Win?" which contained a dismissal of the doctrine of the virgin birth as "one of the familiar ways in which the ancient world was accustomed to account for unusual superiority." And to the Fundamentalists: "Nothing in all the world is so much worth thinking of as God, Christ, the Bible, sin and salvation. . . . But you cannot challenge the dedicated thinking of this generation to those sublime themes upon any such terms as are laid down by an intolerant church."

For the Presbyterian General Assembly this was too much, and within two years Harry Fosdick had been forced to resign. The New York Times reported the circumstances of the farewell sermon: "Most of the women in the church were in tears, and many of the men struggled to hide their feelings. . . . No one left the church after the benediction, which closed the service. . . . Before [Dr. Fosdick] could leave the pulpit, the emotion of the men and women in the front rows overcame them. They hurried forward and ascended into the pulpit, all that could get in."

Two months later, another church sounded him out—the Park Avenue Baptist Church, which numbered John D. Rockefeller Jr. among its trustees. When Fosdick hesitated about accepting, Rockefeller asked him one day, "What's troubling you?" "For one thing, you're too rich," said Fosdick. Replied Rockefeller: "Do you think more people will criticize you on account of my wealth than will criticize me on account of your theology?" Fosdick accepted, with some conditions: no baptism by immersion, a congregation open to all Christians, a new and larger church building near Columbia University.

Certainty in Experience. The new building was dramatically larger. Riverside Church is a 22-story, neo-Gothic epitome of the community-center type of church, containing an assembly hall, a gymnasium, basketball and handball courts, four bowling alleys, locker and shower rooms, studios, classrooms and four elevators. Here, from 1931 until his retirement seven years ago, Dr. Fosdick carried on his busy, businesslike round of writing, preaching and counseling to a world plagued by depression, fear and war.

He has met all three with the kind of confident optimism and untheological faith that European clergymen consider typical of the U.S. Titles of his books reflect it: *Adventurous Religion* (1926),



Mortimer Holmes
HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK
"I believe in life."

The Power to See It Through (1935), *Successful Christian Living* (1937), *A Great Time to Be Alive* (1944). Unlike many another liberal churchman, he has never mistaken Communism for anything but a threat to the things he stood for.

Riverside Church holds 2,500, and Harry Emerson Fosdick never had any trouble filling it with the undogmatic kind of Christianity for which he became symbol as well as spokesman. "A supremely religious man or woman is one who believes deeply and consistently in the veracity of his highest experiences," he would say. Or "Though all creeds be discarded, one credo remains indispensable: 'I believe in life.' Or 'It is hard to believe in God, but it is far harder to disbelieve in Him. . . . The real forces in the world to us are spiritual—goodness, beauty and truth—and in the face of them it is hard to disbelieve in God.'"

For 38 years, Dr. Fosdick taught preaching at Union Seminary. "Fosdick is the most skillful craftsman in the construction of sermons I have ever heard or read," says one of his old pupils. Fosdick used to preach the same sermon, polished to perfection, again & again to different audiences. He advised his students: "Never publish a volume of your sermons. Then you can never preach them again."

Since his retirement, Dr. Fosdick has been working on his autobiography. "I wrote it for my grandchildren," he says. "I will never have it published." In it he sums up his own liberal creed in the chapter called "Theology":

"While stars abide, astronomies change" is a true analogy, so far as it goes, of every realm of human life and thought, religion not least of all. No existent theology can be a final formulation of spiritual truth. . . . As for me, it is the experience itself in which I find my certainty, while my theological interpretations I must, in all humility, hold with tentative confidence."

Aluminum is *Why* the 335-horse Le Sabre may weigh no more than your car

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RADIO & TELEVISION

Operation Godfrey

Some fifty women of assorted ages had been waiting all day at Boston's Logan Airport. When the plane landed, the women, joined by reporters, photographers, bystanders and a parcel of school-children touring the airport, broke through the barriers and streamed out toward the blue-trimmed DC-3. On the plane's side was the neatly printed legend CAPTAIN ARTHUR GODFREY. Pilot Godfrey promptly took off again, leaving his flock of fans in a cloud of dust, propwash and indignation. Half an hour later he made another landing, taxied away from the crowd to



Associated Press

"TV PHILOSOPHER" IN HOSPITAL

For a special case, a broken tradition, the distant control tower, made his escape in the tower operator's Chrysler.

At Massachusetts General Hospital, Arthur Godfrey had to sneak by another crowd of well-wishers to get up to his \$65-a-day, two-room suite. There he settled down to await operations on his hip which he hopes will repair the effects of a serious auto accident suffered 22 years ago. Next day, conscious of his duty to his public and perhaps alarmed by a hint of bad publicity, Godfrey gave an interview to 16 members of the local press. Wearing a boldly patterned aloha shirt ("I never sleep in anything else"), Godfrey posed for pictures. He hugged his nurse and hung Tarzanlike from an overhead bed trapeze. He explained away the business at the airport by saying: "I didn't want anyone hit by a propeller." The press departed to fill their columns with emotional stories and headlines (TV PHILOSOPHER IN PAIN—JOKES) and sentimental cartoons.

Godfrey's arrival was as unsettling to staid Massachusetts General Hospital as his absence is to 13 sponsors and his fans. His radio & TV audience must get along

with a triple replacement (Robert Q. Lewis, Gary Moore and guest stars, e.g., Jackie Gleason) over the 13½ hours a week on CBS that Godfrey seemed to carry with ease. The hospital telephone operators have been flooded with calls from Godfrey fans, and three sacks of mail were waiting when he checked into the hospital.

Aware that it was dealing with a very special case, Massachusetts General (with the help of a CBS man) broke a 142-year-old tradition and began issuing daily bulletins about a patient. Mostly they were newsy items, like the report that Godfrey frequently plays his ukulele, but "softly so that he in no way disturbs the other patients." At week's end, when the first of Godfrey's two scheduled operations was successfully concluded, the hospital director himself, Dr. Dean A. Clark, revealed the first words Godfrey spoke on coming out of the anesthesia: "Bless you all."

Long Live the Queen!

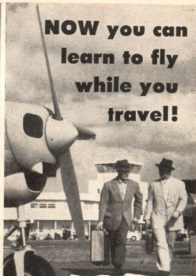
Born of more than a quarter century of competition, the rivalry between CBS and NBC is a Hatfield-McCoy affair, with no favors asked or given. This year it will reach its height in TV coverage of the coronation. To get ready for the shooting, each network has set up its own command post in London. NBC is so security-minded that important transatlantic messages are sent in code to keep them away from CBS signal-stealers. Boasts NBC's Assistant Producer Robert Graff: "We're going to hit them with every barrel we've got. We're going to be the first and the best." CBS News Director Sig Mickelson, serenely confident, says: "NBC started too late. They're six weeks behind us in all their plans."

Off the Moon. The cost of covering the coronation for both networks will be nearly \$500,000, with General Motors bankrolling NBC and Willys-Overland helping to pick up the tab for CBS. For a while, network circles buzzed with rumors of prodigies: NBC was planning to transmit a live story of the coronation by bouncing TV images off the moon, and thence across the Atlantic; CBS was ready to hurl its film from London to the U.S. by the latest thing in guided missiles. As of this week, both networks were apparently ready to settle for plain jet planes.

As the film is shot in London, it will be rushed by motorcycle, car and helicopter to the airport, where three pooled Canberra jets will be standing by to take off for Goose Bay, Labrador. Last week NBC and CBS representatives in Washington tried unsuccessfully to wheedle additional jets from the U.S. Air Force. Instead, NBC will load its films at Goose Bay into a souped-up P-51 flown by Racing Pilot Stan Reaver. CBS, not to be outdone, will put its films into a P-51 flown by Speed Pilot Joe DeBona. Both planes will race for Boston, and the films will be rushed on the air on arrival.

By that time, televisioners will already have seen a great many still pictures of

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the coronation. These can be flashed by radio-photo from England in less than ten minutes and put on the air a few minutes later. NBC has moved up Dave Garraway's *Today* show from its usual 7 a.m. E.D.T. to 5:30 a.m., and will install a new machine called Mufax, to add movement and continuity to the still pictures.

Into the Blue. A second plane race is scheduled by CBS and NBC when the ceremonies at Westminster Abbey are ended. The object in this race will be to get on the air in the U.S. with the first text and picture roundup of the coronation. NBC has chartered a Pan American DC-6 which it hopes will fly nonstop from London to Boston in nine hours, carrying Commentator Henry Cassidy. Half of the plane's 82 seats have been ripped out to give working space to film technicians and scriptwriters who will edit and process the film in flight. It will be telecast that night at 10:30 E.D.T.

The rival CBS plane is a chartered BOAC Stratocruiser, also stripped down to make room for editing tables, splicers and other equipment. Commentators Ed Murrow and Walter Cronkite are expected to produce in mid-flight a tightly edited, hour-long documentary that will steal the show from NBC. Says Sig Mickelson: "Ed Murrow and the coronation are a natural combination."

Over the Cliff. The ABC and Du Mont networks are taking things a good deal easier. Du Mont, which has not yet found a sponsor, plans no novelties but insists: "We are definitely in the picture." ABC's News Director John Madigan says: "I don't think we're going to make a race for it—you just can't get enough out of it to be worth the cost." At week's end, even CBS's Sig Mickelson was having some second thoughts about the rivalry with NBC. "How much further we'll go to continue this impossible competition, I don't know," he said, wearily. "It's like two kids saying: 'I can stand closer to the edge of the cliff than you can.'"

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, May 22, Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Best Plays (Fri. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Geraldine Page in *Summer and Smoke*.

There's Music in the Air (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). Hit songs by Rodgers & Hart.

World Music Festivals (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Recordings by the Vienna, Boston and Stockholm Symphonies.

ABC Playhouse (Thurs. 9 p.m., ABC). Michael Redgrave in *Horatio Hornblower*.

TELEVISION

Preakness (Sat. 5:30 p.m., CBS). Horse race from Baltimore.

You Are There (Sun. 6 p.m., CBS). "The Defense of the Alamo."

The Orchid Room (Sun. 6:45 p.m., ABC). New musical show, starring Rosemary Clooney.

Robert Montgomery Presents (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Fay Bainter in *44 Things Glad and Beautiful*.



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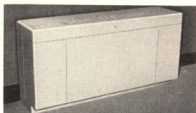
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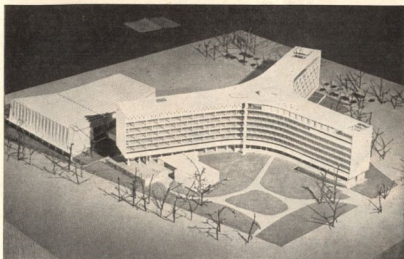
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ART



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UNESCO

Hardware Display

Back from a trip to Rome and the classical treasures of the past, Director Francis Henry Taylor of Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art had a few reflections on the subject of modern art. Wrote Taylor in the *Art Digest*:

"Perhaps the most conspicuous quality of contemporary art is the extreme loneliness of its author which it reflects. His divorce from society . . . has become complete. To visit any one of a score of recent exhibitions leaves the impression one has at looking into the brilliantly illuminated window of a hardware store on a cold winter's night. There we see row upon row of precision instruments, circular saws arranged in geometric patterns, and pneumatic tools wreathed in coils of electric cable; each item, however, is inert and impotent unless it is plugged into the wall to receive the impulse of some source of unseen power. The spectacle is exciting, but it is unrewarding and frustrating . . . The answer lies in our hearts rather than our intellects. The artist . . . if he chooses to retain his stature as prophet, must reassert his belief in man."

From Slab to Y

For two years U.N.'s poor relation, UNESCO, has been trying without much success to build itself a permanent home in Paris. Still cramped into two converted hotels, UNESCO has twice drawn up plans, only to have them fail. The most recent attempt, by France's Bernard Zehruss, Italy's Pier Nervi and the U.S.'s Marcel Breuer, was for a tall, slab-sided structure to be built near the Bois de Boulogne (*TIME*, Oct. 13). Paris' scornful verdict: "Notre Dame of the Radiators." Last week UNESCO proposed another solution to the problem of a modern building in an ancient city.

After countless sketches, Designers Zehruss, Nervi and Breuer had hit on an

unusual, Y-shaped Secretariat, gracefully modern yet low enough (seven stories) to fit into a new site near the Eiffel Tower without overshadowing the classical architecture of neighboring buildings. The new plan calls for a building resting lightly on stilts like *pilotis*. Within the Y is space for UNESCO's 1,200 workers, each with a window on Paris; there will be small conference rooms, a bank, workshops, two restaurants, doctors' offices and libraries. On the ground, the architects plan a mosaic-tiled pool, a delegates' patio, and off to one side a squat conference building with a large auditorium and a radical, accordion-pleated roof so strong that it needs only one line of interior pillars for support.

Paris greeted the new plan with cheers,



Fred Lyon—Rapha-Guillumette
O'HANLON & OWL
Instead of baseball, the tar pits.

predicted early approval by city officials. A few diehard conservatives still grumbled, but most people like the clean modernism and the low bow to Paris' past. Wrote Critic André Siegfried in *Le Figaro*: "That which thinking Parisians demand is that their city, without refusing to be of its own century, not renounce [its right to] remain Paris. Delicate problem. Delicate reconciliation." Echoed the left-wing *Combat*: "Very seductive . . . They have succeeded perfectly."

Next, and possibly the toughest step for purse-poor UNESCO: getting the general conference of member nations to approve the plan at the meeting this July, vote the \$7,000,000 necessary to build the permanent home.

Nature Sculptor

Sculptor Richard O'Hanlon is a tall, easygoing San Franciscan of 46 who knows how to turn a neat artistic trick. He uses two of nature's opposites—weather-worn rocks and feathery birds—as the means and end of his pleasantly lifelike modern sculpture. In Manhattan last week, 16 of Sculptor O'Hanlon's rock birds were on display for his first one-man show in the East.

O'Hanlon's subjects range from a dipping, dabbling *Ousel* to a mournful *Solenn Heron* and a whole series of popeyed, studious-looking little owls. His materials are chunks of volcanic rock found in California's hills. He chisels a bosomy pouter pigeon from pitted grey pumice, uses polished quartzite for the silky feathers of a nesting woodcock, letting the shape of the stone suggest his forms. He chisels a fierce eagle, coldly eying the world, with a few simple curves; in his owls, a rough triangle of stone becomes a beak, a sharp shelf of rock becomes a wing jutting from a rounded body. Says O'Hanlon: "It's not that I'm crazy about birds particularly—I'm interested in all nature. I've just chosen the bird as a symbol. I'm really concerned with form, and birds offer wonderful plastic possibilities."

Brought up in a remote part of the Sierra Madre foothills, O'Hanlon could hardly help being interested in nature. As a child, he found playmates among the skunks, rabbits, birds and snakes near his house. Later he traveled to Los Angeles' famed La Brea tar pits to help the paleontologists dig up prehistoric fossils. "I used to do that the way other kids played baseball," says O'Hanlon. He drew people, animals and birds in oils and watercolors, made prints and clay models. In 1933, he turned to sculpture and he has been at it ever since.

Now an assistant professor of sculpture at the University of California, O'Hanlon has a solid reputation in the West. He sells his work for up to \$2,000, won first prize at the 1950 San Francisco Art Association annual. West Coast critics sing his praises, and now Manhattan's have given him a nod. His gentle little birds may not be great art, but they have the kind of rare, warm originality the average gallery-goer admires and wants to put on his mantelpiece.



FILIPPINO LIPPI'S "ESTHER BEFORE AHASUERUS' PALACE"

Encouraged by Canada's growing wealth and stature, the National Gallery at Ottawa has also been flexing its own muscles, recently embarked on an ambitious new buying campaign. As a starter, the gallery paid \$276,000 for a *Bathsheba* by Rembrandt and two 15th century panels illustrating the Old Testament Book

of *Esther*, by Fra Lippo Lippi's talented son Filippino. The spring-freshness of the panel above shows how much Filippino learned from his father. But the gently romantic treatment barely suggests the drama of his subject: a Jewish heroine braving death at the hands of her Persian lord, to save her people.



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THE PRESS

The Road to Freedom

In his cell in Prague's grim Pankrac prison one day last week, one of the world's most celebrated political prisoners got unexpected visitors. Two U.S. Embassy officials called on Associated Press Correspondent William Oatis, 39, who had been in prison two years on a spying charge. They left two oddly matched articles—a pair of Argyle socks knitted by his wife, and his passport. The Embassy was acting on the suspicion that Oatis might need both for traveling. Fourteen hours later he did. Oatis was taken before a Czech Communist official and told that he had been freed. He was no

dent of Czechoslovakia had a great deal to do with it." From St. Paul, where she is an ad copywriter in a department store, Laurabelle Oatis had indeed written a pleading letter to the late President Gottwald seven months ago: "At the time [he left for Czechoslovakia] we had only been married three months . . . We married because we wanted to spend our lives together. Yet the days go by . . . Surely there must be some way in which you . . . can commute his sentence to expulsion from Czechoslovakia. I appeal to you with all my heart for mercy." But no one seriously believed that the letter had been anything more than a convenient excuse for the Communists to free Oatis, proba-



LAURABELLE & BILL OATIS
With a pair of socks, a passport,

International

more astounded than everyone else. The U.S. had apparently been making little progress in negotiations for his release, and only two weeks ago the Czechs announced that a new amnesty order for Czech prisoners did not apply to Oatis.

From Pankrac, Oatis was taken to the U.S. Embassy in Prague, and after breakfast with Ambassador George Wadsworth, was driven to the U.S. zone of Germany. To newsmen who met him at the border, Oatis, thin and pale, seemed bewildered. On his face was the look of utter confusion that imprisoned men often wear when first confronted with the outside world again. Newsmen Oatis had been cut off so completely that he did not know Eisenhower was President, that Stalin was dead, that he himself had become a symbol for the free press of the West. When one reporter greeted him with the words, "You're famous now, Bill," Oatis only replied in a puzzled voice, "I don't see why."

The Letter. Why had he been released? The Czechs, said Oatis, told him that "a letter my wife wrote to the Presi-

bly as part of their "peace offensive."

In an Army hotel in Nürnberg, Oatis, nervously chewing gum and chain-smoking, appeared before 100 newsmen for his first press conference. Asked about everything from his imprisonment and trial to his confession and treatment by the Reds, he seemed to find it hard to tell what he had undergone. Said he: "It would be very difficult for me to describe what happened so that I could be understood by anyone not familiar with such proceedings, or with what is done, individually . . . If what I was heard to say or was reported to have said during the trial sounded like I was reciting something, why, that's the way it was."

Had he been mistreated or terrorized? "No, I was not," said Oatis. "The treatment varied from time to time, but in general it was good."

"A Personal Matter." Asked about other Americans whom Oatis had identified as spies at his trial (e.g., the U.S. Ambassador and members of his staff), Oatis answered painfully: "That's a pret-

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ty personal matter, and I would rather not answer that." As the questioning went on, Bill Oatis plainly felt that his answers were far short of giving his eager colleagues all the information they wanted. Said he: "I want to apologize to you. I don't want you fellows to think I was just trying to give you a hard time. I hope you understand I had to."

Back in New York two days later, Oatis was greeted at the airport by his wife and more than 200 newsmen. Meanwhile the State Department, which had cut off all trade with Czechoslovakia, banned tourist travel and forbidden Czech planes to fly over the U.S. zone of Germany, made it clear that no "deal" had been made with the Czechs to get Oatis freed.

Actually, many a newsman felt that in freeing Oatis, the Czechs had only rectified one of their worst outrages against the West and its press, and that there was much more they could do. Said the *New York Times*: "Is [the Czech] government willing to permit truthful reporting from Prague and to grant personal security to foreign newspapermen honestly engaged in such reporting? That is the real test which, even as we welcome Mr. Oatis, cannot be absent from our minds."

Blackout at 10 Downing

In London there is a big difference of opinion between British and U.S. newsmen on how Prime Minister Churchill should deal with the press. Last week the difference broke out into the open at a London meeting of the International Press Institute. The viewpoint, and the complaint, of U.S. correspondents was bluntly stated by the *New York Herald Tribune's* London correspondent, Joseph Newman, who for two years had been the *Trib's* Moscow correspondent. Said Newman: "Ten Downing Street is perhaps as closed to the foreign press today as the Kremlin. Perhaps it is even more closed, because at least you can get a letter into the Kremlin, and if you word it properly you might at least get an answer."

Newman was barely back in his seat when the *Yorkshire Post's* Editor William L. Andrews was on his feet with a reply that was also a statement of what Britons think should be the relations between the Prime Minister and reporters. Said Andrews: Churchill is surely not unfriendly or indifferent to the foreign or British press; it is just that "he believes it is not good that the government and the press should be hand in glove."

Although British editors and papers quickly spoke out to defend and explain Sir Winston's attitude, U.S. correspondents stuck to their guns. They think that they should have the same access to information from No. 10 Downing Street that British correspondents—and all other foreign correspondents—have in their coverage of the White House. If they cannot see Churchill at regular press conferences, then U.S. newsmen want regular contacts with someone who can speak for him, or at least supply background information on his thinking and planning. At times the

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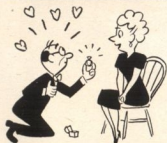
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British government officials have made an attempt to do so. But it invariably turns out these days that the officials have not seen Churchill and cannot speak for him. At best they make the same "intelligent guesses" as to what he is up to that the correspondents can make on their own.

During World War II, Churchill frequently met with the press and maintained his own press office. When Clement Attlee was elected Prime Minister, he continued the practice. But on Churchill's re-election, the press office was shut down without explanation. Columbia Broadcasting System Correspondent Howard Smith wrote Churchill on behalf of U.S. correspondents, pointing out that in Washington there are regular presidential press conferences, while U.S. correspondents in London are still waiting for their first conference with the Prime Minister. Churchill answered that Smith should remind him soon again about the problem. When Churchill returned last winter from his trip to the U.S., where he had held press conferences (*TIME*, Jan. 12). Smith wrote again, urging him to hold similar conferences in Britain. Churchill's answer: no.

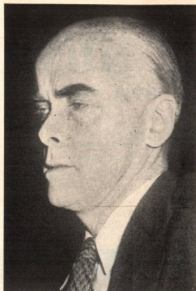
Lifting the Welcome Mat

The weekly *National Guardian* (circ. 47,000), though it follows the Communist Party line almost as faithfully as the Communist *Daily Worker*, claims to be a "progressive weekly affiliated with no political party." Started in 1948, the *Guardian* parrots the Communist charges of germ warfare in Korea, consistently berates U.S. "imperialist" expansion, runs special dispatches from Communist correspondents in North Korea, and has even printed a list of prisoners of war in Korea (*TIME*, May 21, 1951) that was available only to the world Communist press.

Fortnight ago, *Guardian* Editor Cedric Belfrage, 48, a British subject who has lived in the U.S. for most of the last 16 years, was summoned before Congressman Velde's Un-American Activities Committee. The committee wanted to know about a job Belfrage had held after World War II, working in Germany for the British under U.S. military authorities as press control officer, licensing new German newspapers. Had Belfrage, asked the committee, given out licenses to Communists? On the grounds of possible "self-incrimination," Belfrage refused to say anything about his job in Germany.

When the committee asked him about a charge in a book by former Communist Spy Elizabeth Bentley that Belfrage had been a spy himself in 1943, Belfrage again refused to answer. As soon as Republican Congressman Bernard W. Kearney heard his testimony, he demanded that the Immigration Department, which had already begun looking into Belfrage's record, take steps to deport him.

Last week Editor Belfrage appeared before Joe McCarthy's Senate Investigating Subcommittee along with the *Guardian's* executive editor, Allen James Aronson. This time the committee asked Belfrage directly whether 1) he was or had ever been a Communist, and 2) he had



EDITOR BELFRAGE

A parrot refused to talk.

engaged in espionage against the U.S. Once again Belfrage refused to answer, pleading the charge of self-incrimination.

Executive Editor Aronson, who had also worked in Germany licensing newspapers with Belfrage, was only slightly more talkative: he admitted that some Communists did get licenses to start papers with the aid of U.S. Government cash. But beyond that, Aronson would not talk; he flatly refused to discuss his present job or to say whether he was ever a Communist.

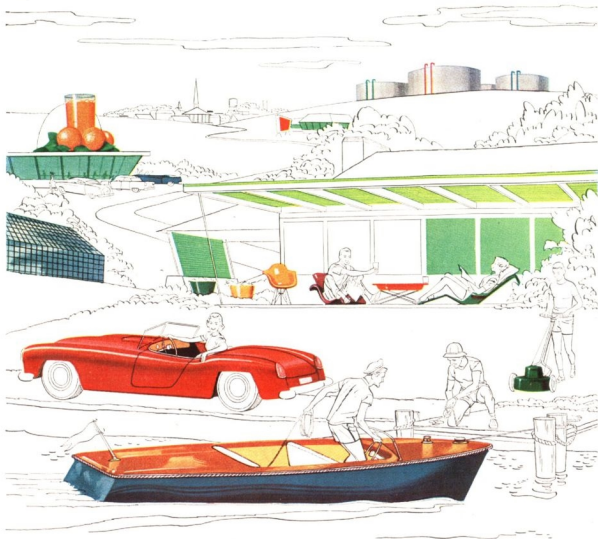
At week's end the Immigration authorities swung into action. They picked up Belfrage, charged that he was an alien engaged in Communist activity in the U.S., and took him to Ellis Island to await deportation under the McCarran Act.

Verdict for the Plaintiff

"There has to be a first time for everything," said Columnist Drew Pearson ruefully one day last week, "and this is the first time I've ever lost a libel suit." That day a jury in federal district court had brought in a verdict in favor of onetime U.S. Assistant Attorney General Norman M. Littell, for \$50,000 compensatory damages, plus \$1 for punitive damages—the biggest libel verdict ever returned in Washington.

Lawyer Littell charged that Pearson had damaged him by writing in his column: "The Justice Department is casting a quizzical eye on . . . Norman Littell. They have reports that Littell is acting as a propagandist for the Dutch government, though he failed to register as a foreign agent."

The jury decided that Pearson was wrong on his facts because Littell had never worked for the Dutch government. Pearson planned to appeal the verdict anyway, thought his phrase "casting a quizzical eye on" gave room for a lot of leeway.



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Any campfire girl can build a bonfire.

F. Norman Webb

Title Fight?

Jersey Joe Walcott's age is variously estimated at 39 (by Jersey Joe) to 46 (by boyhood acquaintances). By either estimate, he is too old a party to be fighting for the heavyweight championship of the world. Last week, nonetheless—largely because TV audiences will stand for anything billed as a prize fight—the sturdy old Negro was put into the ring with Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano, 28. It was a triumph neither for the sponsor (Gillette Safety Razor Co.), for the autocratic matchmakers (International Boxing Club), nor for the heavy-footed contestants.

Poor old Jersey Joe ducked, clinched and backpedaled with all the grace he could muster, but it wasn't enough. With less than two and a half minutes gone in the first round, Marciano landed with a left and right to the jaw, and Jersey Joe bowled to the canvas. He sat there, a glazed look in his eyes, while the referee counted ten. Then he popped to his feet, as if ready to go on fighting. But the fight—as it was billed—was all over. Jersey Joe's share of the receipts was a quarter of a million dollars, or what amounted to the excellent pay of \$1,724 a second. Rocky, the winner, collected only \$166.038.

In a record of another sort, the TV sponsors, Gillette Safety Razor Co., paid over \$300,000 (to promoters and the network), for what turned out to be just a couple of quick commercials.

Woodsmen's Weekend

In Orono, Me., college boys from Dartmouth, Middlebury, McGill and the University of Maine turned their backs on baseball, track, golf and tennis last week to test their manly muscle with axes, saws, paddles, casting rods and peaveys (for log-rolling). It was the seventh annual Woodsmen's Weekend, and it was designed to leave any modern Paul Bunyan hot and panting.

The Woodsmen's Weekend was invented by Ross McKenney, veteran Maine guide and adviser to the Dartmouth Outing Club. Leather-lunged Guide McKenney, 61, one-time (and maybe still) champion moose

caller of the U.S.,* figures that woodsmanship is a better sport than conventional college athletics: "It gives a man self-confidence. When he sleeps out and cooks his own meals, he learns not to be confused when he runs into a problem."

In Tall Timber. The first day's competition began with fly and bait casting for accuracy and distance. Dartmouth's powerful Noel ("Chad") Day, a New York Negro, heaved his bait plug more than 180 ft., longest (by 30 ft.) of the day. Then the competitors tackled the tall timber, and the University of Maine's woodsmen took over the scoring leadership.

Two of them sawed through a 9½-in. balsam fir log in less than ten seconds,

* McKenney was hauled down out of the woods in 1912 to help open Teddy Roosevelt's third-term campaign by sounding the call of the bull moose from the Chicago convention platform.



United Press

CATCHER CAMPANELLA
"When you're hitting, you hit."

then with ropes twitched the 16-ft. length of timber across a 100-ft. course in a total time of 34.1 seconds for a new meet record. Records began falling as fast as the timber. With Maine coeds shouting "Go! Go!" from the sidelines, Maine's lumberjacks set another record with cross-cut saws, still another in the log-chopping contest: three full cuts in 53.7 seconds.

For spectators, the most exciting event was the logrolling, which was substituted this year for fire-building (scoffs Moose Caller McKenney: "Any campfire girl can build a bonfire"). Woodsmen's logrolling is a relay event with two men handling the needle-sharp peaveys, wrestling a quarter-ton log over a 50-ft. course. Despite Chad Day's prodigious logrolling for Dartmouth, Maine won again.

In the Lake. The final event of the day was the 600-yd. packboard relay race, with a 50-lb. sack of sand strapped to the packboard. With Day anchoring and charging down the football field like an express train, Dartmouth won in record time (2:20.0), but Maine still held the overall team lead.

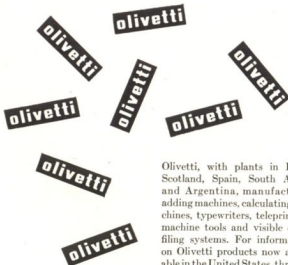
Ross McKenney's Dartmouth boys—"the best team I ever had"—made a comeback on the final day in the canoe races. The last event was a one-man canoe portage, a splashy spree in which a good many of the contestants got soaked. Still full of high spirits after the two-day grind, the wettest ones wound up by throwing judges, officials, girl timekeepers and handy bystanders into the lake. In the nip & tuck finish, Dartmouth beat Maine, 1,148.7 to 1,107.4. Canada's McGill, which picked up a team only one day before the contest, wound up dead last and received a standard collegiate trophy: an empty beer can.

Batting Backstop

Roy Campanella, 31, remembers "the old days in the Negro leagues when I once caught four games in one day, then rode a bus all night." His pay for that kind of work used to be \$65 a month. Nowadays, Catcher Campanella, a Cadillac owner, draws more than \$30,000 a year in salary from the Brooklyn Dodgers—and is worth every penny of it. A canny handler of pitchers, Campanella this week



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was also leading the National League in hitting (.370), and he had driven in almost twice as many runs (43) as anybody else, and was leading both leagues in homers (12 in 26 games).

"It's just luck," says Campy. "When you're hitting, you hit." Sturdy Catcher Campanella (5 ft. 8 in., 195 lbs.) should know; he has had other dazzling early-season hitting streaks which faded into just plain competence by midseason. But he acknowledges that he is standing "a little closer to the plate" than he did last year, when his season's batting average was only .269. "That gives me a little more wood on the ball."

Whatever the explanation, Campanella's hitting is a profound source of pleasure to Brooklyn Manager Charley Dressen, who has been shuffling his players frantically to get more power into his line-up. But Dressen is even more pleased, if possible, with Campanella the backstop than with Campanella the batter. "He's really a great catcher," says Dressen, happily ticking off Campy's virtues. "The pitchers like to pitch to him. Not many balls get by him. He picks men off bases, and that builds up the pitcher's confidence."

Not one of the game's "holler guys," Campanella chats less with his pitchers during a game than most catchers. Most of the pitching strategy is worked out before the game begins. "When the pitchers get in trouble," says Campanella, "that's when I start kicking the dirt around the plate to slow things down." Campy was slowed down himself by injuries last season, after winning the league's Most Valuable Player award in 1951. This year, off to a flying start, Workhorse Campanella, who has caught every Brooklyn game so far, says he'll catch them all if Manager Dressen will let him. "Dressen talks about giving me a rest once in a while. What do I want with a rest? This is a breeze compared to the old days."

Scoreboard

¶ In Washington, in the first major crew race held on the Potomac—and the first ever televised—Navy's Olympic champions won their 19th straight and the Eastern Sprint championship, beating Harvard by a third of a length. Other finishers, in order: Wisconsin, Cornell, Columbia, Penn.

¶ At Seattle, completely reversing last year's order of finish, the University of Washington's varsity, j.v. and freshman crews whipped California's by margins up to eleven lengths. Washington, now pride of the West, will meet undefeated Navy next month at the Syracuse Regatta.

¶ At Belmont Park, N.Y., in a warmup for this week's Preskness, Alfred G. Vanderbilt's Native Dancer, 1-20 favorite in a three-horse race, won the \$32,150 Withers Stakes, one mile in a brisk 1:36 1/4.

¶ At Westbury, N.Y., Memphis Dentist Cary Middlecoff started off with a respectable 70, shot a 6-under-par 64 for a course record, then ran off the next three rounds 66-67-66, to win the Palm Beach invitation golf tournament from 15 of the world's top pros.

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SCIENCE

SARAH

During the Battle of Britain, when airmen parachuted by the dozens and scores into the choppy waters of the English Channel, the R.A.F. was never quite satisfied with its search & rescue gear. The keenest eyes and the most sensitive radars often missed the tiny, bobbing targets made by helmeted heads and yellow Mae Wests.

Last week, more than a dozen years after the R.A.F.'s heroic tangle with the *Luftwaffe*, Ultra Electric Ltd., a London television manufacturer, announced that its engineers have finally built a reliable gadget for finding lost flyers. For more than 200 NATO delegates at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, Ultra demonstrated "SARAH" (search and rescue and homing), a tiny (42-oz.) transmitter-receiver, small enough to be hung on a Mae West.

Downed pilots need only pull a ring to release a coiled, 31-in. antenna, and the little, battery-powered transceiver automatically transmits distress signals. Search planes as high as 10,000 ft. and as far away as 66 miles can pick up the signals on a pair of antennas. Matched like radar pips on the face of a cathode-ray tube, the signal from each antenna is the same length when the plane is headed directly toward the target. Directly over the target, both pips disappear. Then the downed pilot switches to voice communication for final instructions to his rescuers.

Semi-Creation

Many scientists think that life appeared on earth when the atmosphere, instead of being its present mixture of oxygen, nitrogen and carbon dioxide, contained methana, ammonia and hydrogen. These ingredients, still to be found in the atmospheres of Jupiter and Saturn, slowly combined into larger and larger organic (carbon-containing) molecules, according to the hypothesis. At last one molecule, a complex protein, showed the ability to absorb other molecules and create replicas of itself out of their material. This "Adam molecule" was the first life; it could grow and reproduce itself.

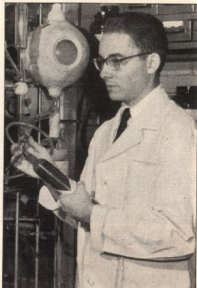
When Nobel Prizewinner Harold Urey elaborated on this theory last year (*TIME*, Nov. 24), he said that one of his students was checking it experimentally. Last week's *Science* carried the promised report. Graduate Student Stanley L. Miller, 23, told how he had simulated conditions on a primitive earth and created out of its atmospheric gases several organic compounds that are close to proteins.

Miller set up a closed apparatus containing water, methane, ammonia and hydrogen. When the water was heated, its vapor circulated the other gases past a small electric "corona" discharge, which promoted chemical reactions among their molecules. This sort of thing may have happened on the primitive earth, where lightning was probably common. In any

case, the influence of the electric discharge was similar to that of the strong, solar radiation beating down on the top of the primitive atmosphere.

When the apparatus had run for a day, the water grew pinkish, then turned red. After a week, Student Miller analyzed the mixture. It proved to contain at least three amino acids (glycine, alpha-alanine and beta-alanine). This was the hoped-for payoff: amino acids are the building blocks of which proteins are made.

Professor Urey and Student Miller do not believe that they have created life. What they have done is to prove that




STUDENT MILLER
A million years to go.

complex organic compounds found in living matter can be formed, by chemical reactions, out of the gases that were probably common in the earth's first atmosphere. If their apparatus had been as big as the ocean, and if it had worked for a million years instead of one week, it might have created something like the first living molecule.

Invisible Blanket

In the hungry fires of industry, modern man burns nearly 2 billion tons of coal and oil each year. Along with the smoke and soot of commerce, his furnaces belch some 6 billion tons of unseen carbon dioxide into the already tainted air. By conservative estimate, the earth's atmosphere, in the next 127 years, will contain 50% more CO₂.

This spreading envelope of gas around the earth, says Johns Hopkins Physicist Gilbert N. Plass, serves as a great greenhouse. Transparent to the radiant heat from the sun, it blocks the longer wave lengths of heat that bounce back from the earth. At its present rate of increase, says Plass, the CO₂ in the atmosphere will



To the aggressor, whose men
have fallen prey to Panthers*...

TAKE WARNING

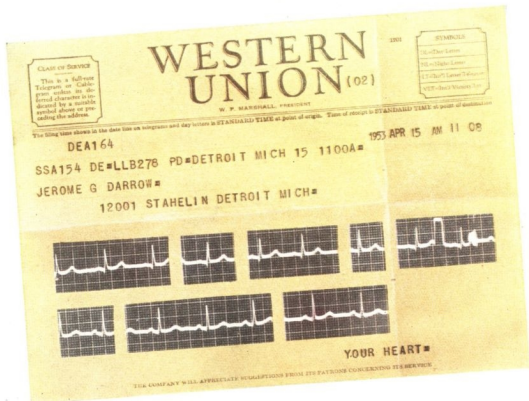
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Second, they accepted the limitations and restrictions imposed by a weakened

heart. They tried not to "over-do"; they learned to avoid sudden exertion, and to keep weight at the normal level. They also recognized the value of sleep and relaxation, and the importance of freeing their lives from worry and strain.

Remember that in your physician's hands, you are in *good* hands. For today, physicians are better equipped than ever before to treat and control heart disease—and to guard against it as well. By taking advantage of the help your doctor can give you *now*, you increase your chances of living a good life with a bad heart.

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raise the earth's average temperature 1.5° Fahrenheit every 100 years.

As the blanket of CO₂ gets thicker, it also prevents the tops of clouds from losing heat as rapidly as before. The smaller temperature difference between cloud base and top cuts down the air currents which must circulate through the cloud before rain or snow can form. Lowered rainfall will make a drier climate. Less cloud cover will be formed, more sunlight will reach the earth, and the average temperature will rise still higher.

After thousands of years, says Professor Plass, plants and the slow-moving seas will absorb most of the excess CO₂. But for centuries to come, if man's industrial growth continues, the earth's climate will continue to grow warmer.

Coincidence in Arizona

Every true space cadet knows that the famous, 4,000-ft.-wide crater near Winslow, Ariz. was made by a giant meteorite. The U.S. Board of Geographic Names calls it "Meteor Crater." Airliners fly over it to show it to passengers, and the tourists it draws nourish a woebegone part of arid Arizona.

But science cannot let well enough alone. In the *Bulletin of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists*, Geologist Dorsey Hager attempts to prove that Meteor Crater is nothing but an ancient sinkhole that just happened to get peppered, late in its life, by a swarm of meteorites. According to Hager, Meteor Crater started as a steep-sided dome thrust upward several million years ago by geological forces. Its rock was splintered by distortion, and water penetrated to "evaporite" (salt) beds far below it. After millions of years, the water removed a lot of this soluble stuff, leaving enormous caverns. At last the roof fell in and parts of the walls tumbled after it, creating a pit.

All this happened, according to Hager, about 200,000 years ago. Much later, a great swarm of meteorites littered the pit and its vicinity with nickel-iron fragments. It was this extraordinary coincidence, says Hager, that made the meteorite theory seem so plausible.

Hager, no conscious spoilsport, bases his argument on elaborate geological studies of the crater's surroundings. Except for the presence of meteoritic material, he says, there is little or no evidence to prove that the mound or the depression in its center is of meteoric origin. One of his strongest points is that the sides of the mound are made largely of white sand arranged in regular beds. This seems to point to the slow action of normal erosion, not to the sudden impact of a meteorite hitting the earth. Another strong point is that no large mass of meteoritic material has been detected below the bed of the crater.

Hager's theory has weaknesses, too. The rim of the crater shows great limestone blocks that look exactly as if they had been thrown there by some sort of explosion. And the long arm of coincidence had to strain itself to deposit so much meteoritic material on the only spot in the U.S. that looks as if a great meteorite had hit it.

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BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY Tighter, as Planned

Only a month after the Administration put its new hard-money policy into effect, cries of doom and disaster welled up, most of them from predictable quarters. C.I.O. and A.F.L. spokesmen expressed fears that the new policy would set off a recession. A group of 19 Fair Deal Congressmen introduced a resolution demanding that the Federal Reserve Board start pegging the price of Government bonds again. Farmers, they said, were having trouble getting support loans; industries had trouble financing expansion, and veterans were having a tough time getting mortgage loans.

There was no doubt that credit was tighter. New York and Chicago banks had far more requests for loans than they could fill. But they could not boost their own credit base by selling Government bonds because the FRB refused to buy in the open market. As a result, all Government bonds fell below par, and no bank wanted to sell at a loss.

According to Plan. But this was all according to plan. Instead of being discouraged by the fall in Government bond prices to the lowest level in 20 years, FRB Chairman William McChesney Martin, strategist of the credit-tightening, was encouraged. He reported that "free riders," the speculators who had bought the newest bonds on credit in hopes of unloading at a quick profit when they soared well above par, had lost their shirts as a result of the drop. In fact, much of the weakness in bonds was due to their frantic unloading. Martin, ready to resume buying and loosen up credit any time there were real signs that the tightening would bring a

recession, last week made a token gesture by buying \$45 million worth of Treasury bills.

Nobody could find many signs of recession. Actually, credit of all kinds is still on the rise. Consumer credit alone has risen \$5 billion in a year (to \$25.7 billion), one-third of it in auto installment purchases. Credit is short now because the FRB has been holding the line, and demands for it are still increasing.

What Is Prosperity? Most other business signs also point to continued boom rather than recession. New building construction is running 10% ahead of 1952's. The steel industry, which has turned out a record 38.5 million tons in four months, sees few signs of a letup in demand. Industrial production stood last week at 242 on the FRB's index; in 1953's first quarter, the gross national product (sum of the value of all goods & services) reached an annual rate of \$361 billion v. 1952's \$346 billion. Personal income hit a new record of \$281 billion, up 5% in the quarter.

With justified sarcasm, the father of the hard-money program, Treasury's Deputy Secretary W. Randolph Burgess, last week asked: "If that is depression, what would prosperity be? The fact is the danger of inflation still exists."

UTILITIES Public-Power Policy

In Boston last week, Interior Secretary Douglas McKay clearly outlined the Administration's policy on public power. To a meeting of the American Public Power Association, which had just adopted a resolution deploring his decision in favor of private development of Idaho's Snake

River (TIME, May 18), McKay said: "What the people want in that area now is power to relieve a real shortage. . . . At a time like this, when the federal budget is in its present state, what would you do if you were in Congress? . . . Would you stand in the way?"

"Public power is here and it is going to stay. I don't agree with some people who say the Government should get out of the power business. It would be a grave policy error to support that type of program. . . . We will continue, within the limits that the national budget will permit, with construction of such projects as are economically feasible and fall within the proper category of federal projects. [But] we will encourage to the utmost extent possible the construction and management of facilities by the states, municipalities, public agencies and private enterprise."

FASHION

The Schuman Plan

"In the coat & suit business," said Adolph Schuman, "you either got to think or die." As president of San Francisco's Lilli Ann Corp., 43-year-old Cloak & Sutter Schuman has done plenty of thinking and thus his company is in the best of corporate health. Starting out 18 years ago with \$2,000 borrowed from a bank, he has built up his clothing company (named after his wife) to the point where it grossed \$7,100,000 last year, selling through 1,400 retail stores. Last week Schuman showed off the results of some of his thinking: he opened a new \$2,000,000 three-story plant, and celebrated with a fashion show at San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel. There, amid the popping of champagne corks, models drifted along the runway wearing coats and suits of Schuman's new fall line. But the important part of Schuman's thinking was not only the designs; it was the fact that the clothing was made largely of the materials Manufacturer Schuman is bringing in from Europe under his own private "Trade, Not Aid" plan.

Three Rules. Schuman got the idea for his plan six years ago, when he astounded Paris dressmakers by putting on a style show right in their midst. He wanted to use fine French, Swiss and Italian cloth in his \$120 suits and coats, but found that it was too expensive. Reason for its high price was that European textile mills were accustomed to making a large number of weaves in small quantities at high unit cost. "The high prices," says Lilli Ann's Schuman, "were not caused by high labor costs but by lack of planned, consecutive production and costly distribution methods."

Schuman showed European weavers how to modernize their methods, then placed orders with six mills for their entire output during certain months. The success of the whole plan, he believed, would depend on three rules: 1) buy



Moulton Studios

DRESSMAKER SCHUMAN
"You either got to think or die."

TIME CLOCK

abroad only what can not be obtained in the U.S.; 2) buy only in areas where the cloth has been made by craftsmen for years (i.e., broadcloth in Normandy, worsteds in northern France); 3) insist that mills pay at least 75¢ an hour to their employees.

Copcats. Under the plan, Schuman has imported \$2,225,000 worth of European fabrics in the last 16 months. He estimates that he has created steady employment for 2,400 European textile workers, and has produced a \$1,200,000 payroll increase in France alone. It has also paid off in another way. By applying U.S. mass-production methods, Schuman's suppliers are able to weave top-quality cloth for him at \$2 to \$4 less a yard than the European wholesale price. The plan has also added \$3,700,000 in new business to Schuman's gross, and to handle it he has hired 240 more U.S. workers. Impressed with these results, other San Francisco competitors have begun to copy Schuman's methods, and the San Francisco Coat & Suit Association is sending a representative to Paris to study Schuman's plan. Says Adolph Schuman: "It is smart, profitable business on both sides, not philanthropy."

COMMODITIES

Life in a Grain Elevator

To most people, life in a grain elevator might seem a dusty, monotonous existence with little or no future at all. But Houston's William Fellrath made a career of it. He joined the city's grain elevator as assistant superintendent when it started operations in 1926, became the \$9,000-a-year elevator superintendent in 1941. In Washington last week, the Senate Agriculture Committee heard just how good life in a grain elevator can be.

In two years, testified an Agriculture Department investigator, Fellrath had collected \$100,000 from Fort Worth's Transit Grain Co. for blending about a million bushels of cheap Canadian wheat, officially graded as "unfit for human consumption," with high-grade U.S. wheat. Transit Grain exported its low-grade wheat at an estimated profit of some \$500,000; the U.S. paid part of the bill by making up the difference between the domestic wheat price and that called for under the International Wheat Agreement. In addition, said the Agriculture investigator, Transit Grain paid about \$15,000 to two of Fellrath's assistants, and another \$36,000 to C. J. Winters, manager of a state-owned elevator in New Orleans, for similar services. Transit Grain was also charged with picking up some hotel bills for George C. Cunningham, a CCC official in Dallas, who was also in on the deal.

News of the latest grain scandal first leaked out last month, when Houston's port commission fired Manager Fellrath and his assistants; CCC's Cunningham promptly resigned, and New Orleans'

AS steel wage negotiations started, the best guess was that the C.I.O. Steelworkers intend to ask for a hike of 18¢ to 25¢ an hour. Steelmen, however, think they will settle for about a dime, which the companies are willing to give. A 10¢ raise might push steel prices up \$4 a ton. Both sides think that there is little chance of a strike.

THE battle over tax cuts has grown so fierce that President Eisenhower called Speaker Martin and Majority Leader Halleck to the White House to get their help in heading off New Yorker Dan Reed's bill to cut income taxes next month. House Republican leaders think that if enough pressure is brought to bear, Reed will drop his bill, go along with Ike's program.

QUEEN Elizabeth's coronation has been oversold. Not only is transatlantic transportation still available, but some London hotels still have vacancies. Scalpers who loaded up with high-priced coronation tickets are unloading, in some cases at little profit. Top rate for a choice seat in a club or house along the procession route, which was \$275 last fall, is now \$200, including champagne, lunch and large-screen TV to follow the procession elsewhere.

FLOYD ODLUM's Atlas Corp., which has the knack of getting in and out of companies at the right time, has done it again. Last week Odium sold his Sunray Oil holdings for a \$4,000,000 profit after only 18 months' ownership; two months ago he netted \$5,000,000 from his sale of Consolidated Vultee to General Dynamics. With more than \$20 million cash in the till, Odium is now looking around for likely buys for Atlas.

THE wheat crop will be so big—more than a billion bushels—that, under present law, Agriculture Secretary Benson will have to proclaim acreage quotas, highly unpopular with farmers. The law calls for quotas if

production exceeds domestic needs and exports by 15%. Republican legislators hope to get Secretary Benson off the hook by amending the law to double wheat reserve requirements, thus avert quotas.

DELTA Airlines, having merged with Chicago & Southern, is now looking over Capital, which would provide a lucrative New York-to-Atlanta route. Delta, which once hoped to merge with Northeast, will probably drop the idea.

STOCKS on the pay-as-you-go plan may be the next move by the New York Stock Exchange's super-salesman, President Keith Funston, to lure in the little investor. The plan would be less costly than the present charges (up to 8½%) for buying mutual-fund shares on time. The exchange would get banks to hold the stock, and investors would take possession as they pay for it. Immediate goal: 1,500,000 more shareholders in three years (added to the 6,500,000 today).

POLYETHYLENE, the wonder plastic used for insulation, squeeze bottles, refrigerator containers, etc., will soon get a new producer. Eastman Kodak signed a licensing agreement with Britain's Imperial Chemical Industries and Kodak's subsidiary, Texas Eastman, to build a big plant (20 million lbs. a year) at Longview, Texas.

WALL Street sentiment is running about five to one in favor of a further market rise. Sample opinion, from Bache & Co.: "The next lift in the spring-summer recovery movement" could bring the Dow-Jones industrial average to 286 (it was at 278 last week).

BOEING has found Pratt & Whitney's J-57 jet engine so satisfactory for the B-52 bomber that it will use the power plant for its prototype jet transport, due to fly next year. The J-57 (estimated h.p. 10,000) is reportedly the most powerful in the world.

BUSINESS ABROAD

China Blues

In Hong Kong's *South China Morning Post* last week, the three British banks still technically doing business on the Communist-ruled Chinese mainland ran an important ad: they would pay off all their depositors in local currencies on a sliding scale, depending on the dates when their cities were "liberated" by the Communists. The payment would be liberal—and with reason: the Red government had ordered the banks to refund not only the original deposits, but what they would be worth in terms of China's grossly inflated currency. The move would also be a windfall for the government. Unclaimed deposits, said the notice, would be turned over to the national treasury. Under the deal, the banks expect to lose between \$5.5 million and \$8.5 million.

The bank notice, with its ignominious

Manager Winters was also fired. But when the Houston port commission's wrath fell on Fellrath, he protested that he had done no wrong. Actually, he said, he had received \$140,899 for his labors—not \$100,000. "Whether I did or didn't make any money makes no difference. I reported every dime I made to the Internal Revenue Bureau . . . If someone wanted so many bushels of No. 2 wheat shipped out, it was my job to meet the minimum specifications and no more. I used Canadian wheat as filler [and] the Houston Merchants' Exchange checked that wheat every two weeks—checked it and approved it." Demanded Fellrath: "Is it my fault if they approved something they shouldn't have?"

This week, the Senate Agriculture Committee was trying to subpoena the records of Transit Grain Co. and set about finding out if life in other grain elevators was as profitable as in Houston and New Orleans.

THE CASE FOR FREE TRADE

In the last half of the 19th century, U.S. businessmen wanted and got high tariffs. There were good reasons for this. Many fledgling U.S. industries still needed protection from Europe's factories, which could undersell them, and the U.S. itself was still a debtor nation (i.e., U.S. debt abroad exceeded foreign debt in the U.S.).

IN 1953, more & more businessmen want lower tariffs, even though the Administration and Congress seem in no mood to get to the job of cutting them. Again, there are good reasons. The U.S. is now a creditor nation, and most of its industries no longer need protection. Furthermore, most businessmen are well aware that a tariff is actually only a concealed subsidy to a particular industry paid for by all consumers. Since World War II's end, the U.S. has spent \$38 billion on foreign aid. In the same period, the amount of the excess of U.S. exports over imports has totaled \$34 billion. In effect, much of this has been a subsidy which all taxpayers have paid to industry because U.S. tariffs have not permitted foreign nations to enter their own way by imports to the U.S.

For these reasons, support for freer foreign trade has snowballed. Such pioneer free traders as the Committee for Economic Development and the U.S. Council of the International Chamber of Commerce have been joined by the National Association of Manufacturers, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the Detroit Board of Commerce, the New England Council, the New York Board of Trade, New Orleans International House, Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce and by groups as diverse as the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, the National Grange, League of Women Voters, and religious publications ranging from the Catholic *Commonweal* to the Methodist *Christian Advocate*.

Some would drop all tariffs; others would merely lower them. But most agree on certain specific barriers that should be eliminated immediately:

❑ Repeal the "Buy American" Act of 1933, which forces the Government to buy domestic goods even when foreign bids are far cheaper.

❑ Modernize and overhaul the 23-year-old Hawley-Smoot Tariff, which is still the basis for 1953's regulations.

❑ Enlarge the President's powers to negotiate lower tariffs on specific items. (But in lowering them, most free traders would want reciprocal concessions, such as removal of heavy foreign export taxes on hides, coffee, etc.)

❑ Simplify tariff schedules, which now cover some 8,000 rates, and recodify confusing customs regulations which help keep out imports.

Among businessmen, there are still protectionists. But their once mighty Washington lobby is now made up of small groups which speak with a megaphone voice, e.g., Lobbyist Oscar R.

Strackbein, an ex-economics professor who gets \$20,000 a year plus expenses for running three separate high-tariff organizations out of a small office.

Some of the lobby's arguments still make sense. However, few foreign industries can offer serious competition to the U.S. for the simple reason that U.S. productivity and efficiency are so much greater that U.S. industry can carry the nation's high wage standard and still outsell foreign competitors. This tremendous efficiency has turned many of the onetime valid high-tariff arguments into meaningless clichés. Sample cliché: Products of cheap labor would undermine the U.S. living standard. Sample fact: In France, American refrigerators cost 50% more to produce though wages are only one-fourth as much. Another cliché is that foreign competition would "dislocate" U.S. industry.

Actually, U.S. industry is continually dislocating itself by its own feverish search for new markets. It is the genius of U.S. industry to dislocate itself and thus find new and better ways of making things. Industries which do not find better ways of doing things fall behind anyway, even with tariffs. The troubles of the protected coal industry, now demanding a boost in tariffs on imported oil, are largely due to the fact that oil technology and research have outdistanced that in coal.

Perhaps the best answer to the protectionists is that the U.S. has steadily reduced tariffs in the last 20 years (e.g., tariffs have been cut 50% on the average) without any great effect on industry. And in a recent tariff study by the Truman-appointed Bell commission, it was estimated that elimination of the Buy American Act, simplification of customs, etc., would not displace more than 90,000 U.S. workers.

Instead of putting into action this program—or the best parts of those recommended in dozens of other studies—President Eisenhower recently asked Congress to appoint still another commission to study the problem for another year. Instead of asking for lower tariffs, he asked only for an extension of the New Deal's 19-year-old Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act.

Congress, acting on long-conditioned reflexes, is still frightened by the tariff lobby's megaphone voice, and it looks as if the President will be lucky to keep the powers to cut tariffs that he now has. Instead of moving forward in this session of Congress, it looks as if the Administration will be fortunate to stand still.

reference to "liberation" by the Communists, was the latest example of the squeeze by which the Communists have choked to death the West's once mighty business empire in China. Eight years ago, some 600 Western enterprises had investments in China totaling about \$1.3 billion. Since the Communists took over, the attrition rate has been tremendous. In some cases, "to safeguard China's security," the Reds have simply seized foreign assets, e.g., Britain's Shell Co. of China and the U.S.'s Standard Vacuum and Caltex oil companies. In China today, only about 15 Western companies still operate, with fewer than 250 Westerners running them. Almost all are located in Shanghai.

Plumb Crazy. Most of the companies still trying to operate are British, e.g., Traders Jardine, Matheson & Cox, and Butterfield & Swire, and the British-American Tobacco Co. There are a few American interests still functioning, but they are under the same pressures. Example: the Communists are trying to make four U.S. banks pay off their depositors in the same way as the British banks. But in this the Reds will probably fail, since the dollar deposits are in America and the U.S. Treasury refuses to permit delivery of the funds to Chinese mainland branches. The only Western firm in Shanghai that is still making a profit is Britain's China Engineers, which is busily importing textile machinery from Britain, and talking about how easy it is to do business with the Communists. Said one British businessman in Hong Kong: "They're plumb crazy. That kind of talk is hurting the rest of us."

For more than a year, the Chinese Communists have been using a shrewd technique to extort foreign exchange from the hard core of remaining companies, and provide jobs for some 5,000 Chinese employees. Shanghai's Ewo (translation: Happy Harmony) Breweries Ltd., for instance, once as famed in the Far East as Schlitz in Milwaukee, is an economic hostage. Ewo survived for a time under the Communists. But last year the Reds boosted the prices that Ewo had to pay for raw materials, then ruled that all its production must be sold through a state monopoly at a price cut of 17%. The company lost \$4,000,000 in a year, and stockholders voted to dissolve it, offering all assets to the Communists as settlement of its debts. The Communists refused, and Ewo is still going along at a loss.

What's the Hurry? Last summer, when all the British firms in China decided to throw in the towel (TIME, June 2), the British diplomatic mission in Peking asked the Communist Foreign Ministry for permission to liquidate all remaining business interests. Replied the Communists: "Facilities will be granted according to the laws of China." But nothing more ever happened. "It's just like Panmun-jon," said one British businessman last week. "Every time we ask the Communists why they delay action, they say they cannot understand what is troubling us. All they say is: 'We have received all your complaints, haven't we?'"

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NEW ISSUE

May 13, 1953

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Holders of the Company's outstanding Common Stock are being offered the right to subscribe at \$100 per share for the above shares of Preferred Stock at the rate of one share of Preferred Stock for each thirty shares of Common Stock held of record on May 13, 1953. Subscription Warrants will expire at 3:30 P.M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, on May 27, 1953.

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CORPORATIONS

Repeat Performance

When Edward O. Boshell, 51, became president of Westinghouse Air Brake two years ago, he found the till full of cash. There was more than \$25 million in "excess working capital" on which the company was earning virtually nothing. Boshell decided to spend it to "expand and diversify the company's business as quickly as possible." In short order, he bought:

¶ Virginia's Melpar, Inc. (industrial research).

¶ Milwaukee's Le Roi Co. (portable air compressors and internal-combustion engines for the oil industry).

¶ Famed old George E. Failing Supply Co. (world's largest producer of portable rigs for oil exploration).

The purchases used up most of the cash, but Boshell was not through expanding.



Maurey Garber

WESTINGHOUSE'S BOSHELL
He ordered the till.

Last week, with money borrowed from Pittsburgh's Mellon National Bank & Trust Co. and others, he made his biggest buy of all: 60% of the plant assets of Peoria's R. G. LeTourneau Inc. for \$26 to \$30 million (depending on the value of inventories). What Boshell got was that part of the company which is engaged in making its famed earth-moving equipment.

Rumors of the deal set off some giddy speculating in LeTourneau stock. Selling for only 20¢ earlier this year, it hit 43¢ last week. The big puzzle was how much LeTourneau* would pay per share to buy up the 186,000 shares of common stock held by the public. Wall Street calculated that after the preferred stock, debts and taxes were paid off, there would be a net

* Who, under "a deal with God," turned over 61% of his company's stock and 90% of his personal earnings to the LeTourneau religious foundation (TIME, July 28). Thus the religious foundation will get the major portion of the sale price.

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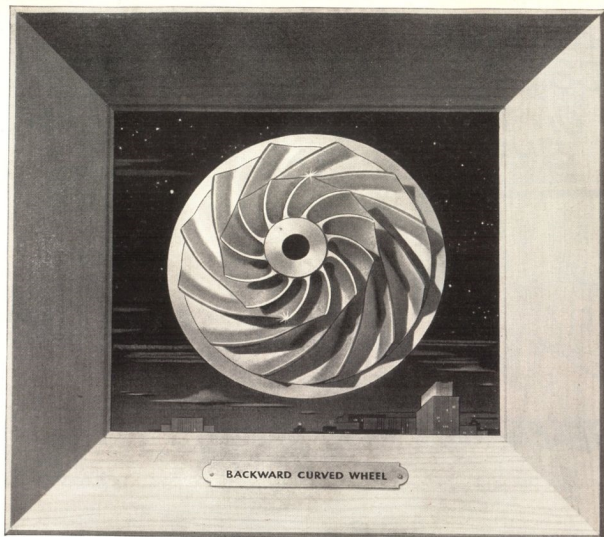
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Here's how Telegrams do the job!

WESTERN UNION

AVOIDS CASH TIE-UP

BY ORDERING BY TELEGRAPH TO REPLENISH OUR STOCKS, WE ARE ABLE TO REDUCE OUR INVENTORIES, KEEPING THEM RELATIVELY LOW AND AVOIDING NEEDLESS TIE-UP OF CASH.*

WESTERN UNION

KEEPS STOCKS DOWN

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAMS HAVE HELPED US TO SERVE OUR CUSTOMERS PROPERLY, KEEP OUR STOCKS DOWN, THEREBY SAVING US MONEY AND INCREASING OUR VOLUME.*

*From letters in our files. Names given on request.

WESTERN UNION

from the sale of \$17.5 million. On that basis, each of the 503,370 LeTourneau shares is worth about \$35 in cash from the sale, plus the value of unsold assets in the part of the company LeTourneau retains. LeTourneau himself has no intention of retiring. He plans to go into new manufacturing ventures, which include a trackless, rubber-tired "Tournatrain," for use in deserts and jungles.

To Boshell, who unscrambled one of the biggest omelets in utility history as liquidator of Standard Gas & Electric (TIME, Nov. 17), putting together LeTourneau's earth-moving business and Westinghouse's railroad equipment made plenty of sense. Like his other buys, LeTourneau's earth movers dovetail nicely with Westinghouse equipment. By purchasing LeTourneau's major assets, instead of its stock, Boshell also increased his depreciation base by \$18 million, will thus be able to write off half of it against taxes within ten years.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

Glenn Luther Martin, 67, quietly bowed out of the aircraft company he founded 46 years ago. A pioneer planemaker, Martin, at the age of 23, built his first ship in an abandoned church and taught himself to fly it. As "The Flying Dude," he barnstormed the U.S., racked up a number of aviation firsts. His planemaking company turned out the first two-engine bomber, went on to make the famed Clippers, dive bombers and carrier planes. In World War II, Martin plants built the B-26 medium bomber and the wide-ranging PBM patrol bombers. Falling upon hard times at war's end, Martin borrowed heavily from the RFC, gradually stepped aside while a new group of managers pulled his company out of the hole.

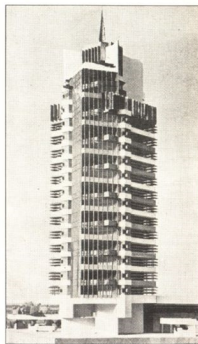
General Lewis A. (for Andrew) Pick, 63, longtime (35 years) Army engineer and famed builder of Burma's Ledo Road ("Pick's Pike"), was named vice chairman of the Georgia-Pacific Plywood Co. of Olympia, Wash. Author of the Pick-Sloan Plan for controlling the Missouri River (TIME, July 26, 1946), Pick put up hundreds of Army camps during the war, built 26 airfields in a record-shattering 15 months. As director of 1949's Operation Snowbound in the northwestern states, he cleared 115,000 miles of snow-piled roads, helped rescue 200,000 marooned people and 4,000,000 head of livestock.

Executive Vice President Herbert P. (for Paul) Buetow, 55, of the Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., who came to M. M. & M. as an auditor in 1926, was elected its new president, succeeding Richard Carlton, who moves up to vice chairman of the executive committee.

REAL ESTATE

Prairie Skyscraper

The town of Bartlesville (pop. 21,000), at the foot of the Osage Hills in northeastern Oklahoma, is famed as the site of Oklahoma's first commercial oil well. On display last week at the International



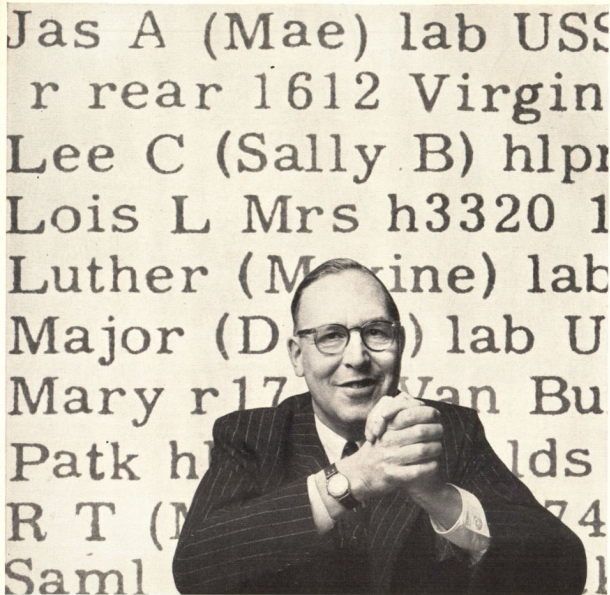
H. C. Price Co.
MODEL OF PRICE TOWER
Below the backbone, a pinwheel.

Petroleum Exposition in Tulsa was a 10-ft.-high model of an 18-story office and apartment building that will give citizens of Bartlesville something new to boast about. The skyscraper, designed by Architect Frank Lloyd Wright,* will be built for Bartlesville by Booster Harold C. (for Charles) Price, wealthy builder of oil and gas pipelines (including the Big Inch and Little Big Inch).

When the Price Tower is completed, in about a year, at an estimated cost of \$1,500,000, it may well be the costliest building, foot for foot, ever erected in the U.S. It will also be one of the few times a skyscraper has been designed for both office and living quarters. (There will be eight luxurious two-story apartments.) Like most Wright designs, the construction is radically different from other skyscrapers. The backbone of the building will be four hollow reinforced concrete pillars, each 18 ft. wide. They will be embedded to form a pinwheel in a concrete platform 25 ft. underground. The floors will be hung from the pillars like spans from the piers of cantilever bridges. With this construction, the entire building is expected to weigh only one-seventh as much as one of similar size but conventional construction.

To protect office workers from the Oklahoma sun, the huge windows with gold-tinted glass will have long louvers to admit only indirect light. From the tower's top, visitors will get an unobstructed view of miles of Oklahoma prairie; the 186-ft. tower itself (with a 30-ft.-high TV spire added) will be visible for 20 miles.

*For other doings of Architect Wright, see NATIONAL AFFAIRS.



—R. L. Polk, President, R. L. Polk & Co., publishers

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DIVIDEND ON COMMON STOCK

The Directors of Chrysler Corporation have declared a dividend of one dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50) per share on the outstanding common stock, payable June 12, 1953 to stockholders of record at the close of business May 18, 1953.

B. E. HUTCHINSON
Chairman, Finance Committee

Mothersills

The fast-acting aid in preventing and relieving Travel Sickness. for Adults & Children



GOING ABROAD?

TIME'S INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS are available on newsstands and through concierges in all principal cities of the world.

Supply & Demand

The U.S. is up to boasting about its wealth and progress. But is it training enough people to carry them on? Last week, in a special report—*A Policy for Scientific and Professional Manpower* (Columbia University; \$4.50)—the National Manpower Council at Columbia University's Graduate School of Business gloomily answered no. The supply of trained minds is lagging way behind the demand.

In 1952 the nation was at least 25,000 engineers short. It had only 18,000 physicists; only 3,500 of them have Ph.D.s. It needs at least 53,000 more teachers, by 1960 will face a shortage of between 22,000 and 45,000 physicians. Most alarming figure of all: of the nation's 700,000 scientists, a mere 15,000 are engaged in basic research.

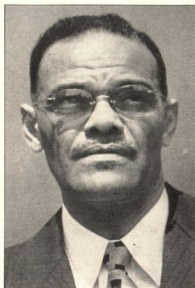
"Victory for the People"

In his 16 years as president of Atlanta University (for Negroes), Rufus Clement has become known to almost everyone in town. An ordained minister, he is a kindly, soft-spoken man, who has long been considered one of the top Negro educators in the U.S. But when Clement announced his candidacy for the city's Board of Education, many Atlantans gasped. Not since reconstruction days had a Negro even come close to such a post.

Some members of Atlanta's Democratic Party Executive Committee decided to make sure that Clement would not come close. The first thing they did was to write to Washington for any information the House Un-American Activities Committee might have. Finally, last week, just two days before the primary election, they burst into print: Clement had been a member of the Civil Rights Congress, the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, and the Southern Negro Youth Congress—all three listed by the House committee as Communist-front. The anti-Clement forces figured that that should finish him.

The same night, the executive committee hastily called a meeting to broadcast the charges against Clement. To his enemies, the fact that he had resigned from these organizations before they were listed made no difference; neither did the fact that he had never been anything but a fervent anti-Communist. "Once a Communist," cried Committeeman Watson Cary, "and the majority of his colleagues seemed to agree. When a motion was proposed that the charges be dropped, the committee voted 5 to 4 to keep them. Only at the last minute did one member get cold feet. 'I'm changing my vote, but not my mind,' said he. The result: 5 to 4 for Clement."

To all intents and purposes, the anti-Clement forces had done their job: it hardly seemed possible that a Negro could live down the bad publicity Clement had received. But on election day itself, the citizens of Atlanta apparently felt that Clement had had a raw deal. By an



Bill Warren—Atlanta Journal
CANDIDATE CLEMENT
Before the vote, a last gasp.

8,000-vote majority, they elected him to the school board. Said he on hearing the news: "It isn't a personal victory. It's a victory for the people. I've been feeling for some time that the people of the South are far ahead of what some think they are."

Bright Boy

After three and a half years of getting straight A's at the Boston Latin School, Thomas Joseph Hegarty, 17, last week proved how bright a boy can be: he beat out 7,892 competitors from all over the U.S. in the annual National Honor Society "Bright Senior Contest," sponsored by the National Association of Secondary-School Principals. His score on the test: 95 correct answers out of 123. Sample test questions:

Who was "the sick man of Europe"?
Innuendo, to statement as copy is to —archetype, duplicate, imitation, reproduction, protraction.

Who said: "Genius is 1% inspiration and 99% perspiration"?

Who said: "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it?"

A centenarian was asked how many grandchildren he had. He replied that if he divided them into groups of two, three, four, five or six, he always had one left over, but that when he divided them into groups of seven there was no remainder. What is the smallest number of grandchildren that could meet the conditions?²⁸

* Answers: The Ottoman Empire, archetype, Edison, Lincoln, 301.

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May 8, 1953

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New Issue

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Federal Electric Products Company

First Mortgage 5% Sinking Fund Bonds, due 1965

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Chicago, Illinois

New York • Pittsburgh • Philadelphia • Minneapolis

MILESTONES

Married. Princess Ragnhild of Norway, 22, shy brunette eldest daughter of Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Märtha; and Erling Svenn Lorentzen, 30, a commoner, well-to-do shipping executive and a hero of the Norwegian underground during World War II; in a simple ceremony attended by European royalty (including Britain's Princess Margaret) and Lorentzen's wartime comrades; in Asker Church near Oslo.

Died. Chet Miller, 50, dean of U.S. racing-car drivers; at the Indianapolis Speedway. Good enough to hold the track's one-lap speed record (139.6 m.p.h.), Veteran Miller never won the annual 500-mile speedway classic, decided that this year's attempt would be his last. He climbed into his V-8 Novi Special for a fast practice spin, lost control, crashed into the barrier, became the speedway's 43rd victim.

Died. Yasuo Kuniyoshi, 59, prizewinning Japanese expatriate painter; of cancer; in New York City.

Died. Hans Jeppesen Isbrandtsen, 61, Danish-born founder of the Isbrandtsen Steamship Co.; of coronary thrombosis; while on a world air tour, at Wake Island. Coming to the U.S. in 1914, "H. I." built up the nation's largest independent cargo fleet (16 owned, 40 to 70 chartered vessels), beat out competitors by undercutting their rates, hiring tough, experienced captains (e.g., the *Flying Enterprise's* Henrik Kurt Carlsen), and sending his ships wherever profit beckoned. His lone-wolf ventures often provoked international incidents, State Department migraine; before and during the Korean war, H. I. insisted on trading with Communist China until a U.S. embargo stopped him. Rugged Individualist Isbrandtsen once remarked: "You are almost a scoundrel to be in business these days."

Died. Oren Edgar ("Kickapoo Ed") Summers, 68, oldtime Detroit Tiger pitcher (1908-12), whose 18-inning scoreless game (pitched in 1909, against the Washington Senators) still stands as a record; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Indianapolis.

Died. Nicolai Radescu, 77, exiled former Prime Minister of Rumania; in New York City. Freed from a Nazi prison, General Radescu signed the 1944 pact switching Rumania from the Axis to the Allies, headed the first (and last) democratic, post-Liberation government, was ousted after a bloodily successful Communist-led uprising in March 1945, narrowly escaped assassination and came to the U.S., where he formed a Free Rumanian committee to work for his country's liberation.

Died. Merlin Hull, 82, G.O.P. and Progressive U.S. Representative from Wisconsin for 21 years; in La Crosse, Wis.



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CINEMA

The Critics

The movie critics who get the most respectful attention from Hollywood are the men who run the movie theaters. Now & again an exhibitor leaves his counting-house and dashes off a critique for the trade weeklies *Motion Picture Herald* and *Boxoffice*. Sample reviews by the most powerful cinema critics:

A Place in the Sun (Paramount). "Fine acting, with sadistic theme that brought out a few new faces—but kept the old ones home with their TVs."—B.T. Baldwin, Fla.

Dangerous Profession (RKO). "Let's try and knock out TV, not help them. . . ."—D.K., Kitwe/Nkana, Northern Rhodesia.

Breaking Through the Sound Barrier (London Films; UA). "All liked it immensely except a little old lady who couldn't stand the jet noise."—E.R., New York City.

Something for the Birds (20th Century-Fox). "It might have been something for the birds, but I didn't find anything at the box office."—C.S., Buena Vista, Ga.

Monkey Business (20th Century-Fox). "We seem to be specializing in chimps lately, and with the exception of this picture, they draw better than humans."—M.S., McArthur, Ohio.

The Blazing Forest (Paramount). "How long do they think they can fool the public?"—G.K., Aguilar, Colo.

The Painted Hills (M-G-M). "Lassie came back and brought me some money. . . The dog can act as well as most humans."—F.M., Spiritwood, Saskatchewan.

When Worlds Collide (Paramount). "We squeaked by, not charging off any salary for me, but I still like to eat."—B.W., Fruita, Colo.

Has Anybody Seen My Gal? (Universal-International). ". . . I should have stayed closed."—R.R., Rivesville, West Va.

Streets of Laredo (Warner Bros.). "My patrons didn't absolutely hate it. There weren't any walkouts, but some said. . . that one like that was enough for a long time. . . Why doesn't Mr. Movie Producer make them for the people who spend money to see them, instead of for critics who come in on passes?"—J. & D.H., Eddyville, Iowa.

Sky Full of Moon (M-G-M). "Phew! . . ."—H.M., Eclectic, Ala.

The New Pictures

Young Bess (M-G-M) is an ideal coronation-year movie. Its heroine is Elizabeth I (1533-1603), who, like the present Elizabeth, became Queen of England at the age of 25. *Queen Bess*, based on Margaret Irwin's 1944 bestselling novel, takes a long, romantic, Technicolored look, not at the public reign of Elizabeth the Queen, but at the private life of Elizabeth the Princess.

According to the movie, the great love in Elizabeth's life was Thomas, Lord Seymour, lord high admiral of England. (According to some history books, Tom was an unprincipled wolf who tried to seduce the princess in order to maneuver his way toward the throne.) But there were complications: Seymour was already married—to Catherine Parr, widow of Elizabeth's father, King Henry VIII. The movie makes further complications by picturing Ned Seymour, the Protector Somerset, as a villain plotting to rule England by force and terror instead of by the will of the people. Ned had his



JEAN SIMMONS & STEWART GRANGER
Before the throne, a great love.

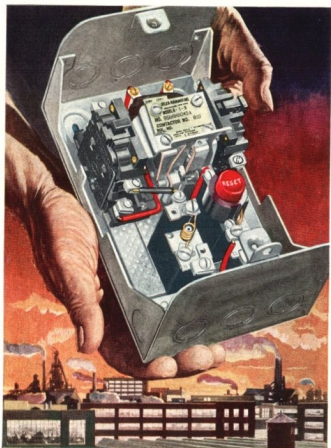
brother's relations with Elizabeth investigated, then sent Tom to the block and the princess to prison.

Although it presents a rather romanticized view of history, *Young Bess* is a better than average historical movie. It has rich Tudor sets and costumes, some literate dialogue and an excellent cast. As young Bess, Jean Simmons gives a spirited performance that has both charm and imperiousness. Stewart Granger makes a dashing Tom Seymour, Guy Rolfe a convincingly evil villain, and Deborah Kerr a beautiful Catherine Parr. In the role of gross, big-bellied Henry VIII, Charles Laughton is again cast in the part that won him a 1933 Academy Award in *The Private Life of Henry VIII*. He seems to have a fine time as he struts around belching, disposing of five wives, and chewing up all the food—and scenery—in sight.

Bellissima (Films Bellissima; I.F.E. Releasing Corp.) is what the wife (Anna Magnani) of a poor Rome workman calls her rather plain little pigtailed daughter (Tina Apicella). The mother has hard-

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driving ambitions to make a movie actress out of her little "Most Beautiful," but in the end she turns down a film offer because she comes to the conclusion that her daughter should lead a simple, healthy family life instead.

Bellissima has the hard, crudely vigorous look of the good Italian postwar pictures, but deep down, it is soft-focus moviemaking. The mother's last-minute change of mind is unconvincing, and there is no real contrast between the make-believe film world and the world of actuality. Without this necessary social com-



APICELLA & MAGNANI
For a hard look, a soft focus.

ment, *Bellissima* is little more than an overblown melodrama. As the overly ambitious mother, Italy's expert Actress Magnani gives one of her earthily explosive performances. The trouble is that the role she plays is too flimsy to sustain her powerful acting.

Landfall (Associated British Picture Corp.; Stratford Pictures), based on Nevil Shute's 1940 novel, is done in the typically tight-lipped, understated style of the best British movies. It tells of a World War II Royal Air Force lieutenant who is mistakenly believed to have sunk a British submarine instead of a Nazi U-boat, and of how he is ultimately cleared of the charge.

For a war picture, *Landfall* has remarkably little action. Instead, it concentrates on characterization, and its people, from admirals to air-raid wardens, are always plausible. The lieutenant (Michael Denison) is no idealized figure; he is young, cocky and rather callow. The unglamorous Portsmouth barmaid (Patricia Plunkett) with whom he falls in love is as ordinary as their romance. Director Ken (Robin Hood) Annakin has made *Landfall* into a simple, straightforward, almost old-fashioned story with some richly convincing detail. By making real



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and affecting both the fallibility and the nobility of ordinary people in a time of crisis, the film takes on an extraordinary dimension of heroism without heroics.

Also Showing

The Desert Song [Warner] is the third major film version of Sigmund Romberg's old (1926) operetta.* This time Crooner Gordon MacRae is cast in the dual lead. By day he is a serious, bespectacled student of anthropology. By night he is El Khobar, dashing leader of the Rifis, who is thwarting villainous Sheik Raymond Massey's plans to oust the French from Morocco. As El Khobar, he also makes ardent musical love to Kathryn Grayson, the pretty daughter of a French general.

This Technicolored *Desert Song* is full of singing legionnaires, dancing girls, spies, and burnoused and turbaned fighting men. But the picture seems unable to make up its mind whether to play it straight or kid the whole thing. Even in this arid adaptation, however, *The Desert Song's* famed score (*The Rif Song, Romance, One Alone*) keeps its melodic bloom.

Cry of the Hunted (M-G-M), a swampy little chase yarn set in the Louisiana bayous, has to do with a cop (Barry Sullivan) pursuing an escaped convict (Vittorio Gassman). Inevitably in such a setting, there are a couple of alligator and quicksand sequences. There is also some bogged-down dialogue, e.g., "I know why your eyes are at half-mast—your brain is dead."

CURRENT & CHOICE

Stalag 17. Director Billy Wilder's rowdily entertaining adaptation of the Broadway comedy-melodrama about a Nazi prison camp; with William Holden (TIME, May 18).

Fanfan the Tulip. A witty French spoof of the typical movie swashbuckler; with Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida (TIME, May 11).

The Juggler. Kirk Douglas as a D.P. in flight from the law and himself in a vivid chase story set in Israel (TIME, May 4).

Shane. A high-styled, Technicolored horse opera, strikingly directed by George Stevens; with Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Jean Arthur (TIME, April 13).

Call Me Madam. Ethel Merman spark-plugs a big, bouncy movie version of her Broadway hit musical about a diamond-in-the-rough lady ambassador (TIME, March 23).

Lili. A slight but charming cinemaloud about an orphan girl, a young magician and a romantic puppeteer; with Leslie Caron (TIME, March 9).

Peter Pan. Walt Disney's lighthearted, feature-length cartoon adaptation of J. M. Barrie's fantasy (TIME, Feb. 2).

Moulin Rouge. John Huston's richly Technicolored film about the life & loves of French Painter Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; with José Ferrer (TIME, Jan. 5).

* Previously filmed in 1929 with John Boles, in 1943 with Dennis Morgan.



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There is a way out of the nation's traffic muddle. So long as we need adequate roads, all highway users and industries should join with public officials to achieve these results: (1) highway planning which fits the roads and the streets to the traffic; (2) making sure all motor vehicle tax money is spent on highways.

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Christian Poet

A HOPKINS READER (308 pp.)—Edited by John Pick—Oxford (\$4.50).

Gerard Manley Hopkins thought of himself as a priest rather than a poet. In his Victorian lifetime, he never saw his poems in print. Ironically, today, when a shelf full of books have been written about him, it is the poet and not the priest that the world chiefly remembers.

A *Hopkins Reader*, the latest tribute to him, links Poet Hopkins and Jesuit Hopkins by assembling selections from his letters, journals and sermons as well as 33 of his best poems. Those who want the full story of his life and work must turn to one of the biographies, but *A Hopkins Reader* is a fine introduction to a poet's

poet—and to an intellectual Christian who cut a bright, if often steep, path of his own in searching the love of God.

"After My Death," Hopkins' background was solidly High Anglican, and by the time he was an undergraduate at Oxford, he was so caught up in religious fervor and asceticism as to note in his diary: "For Lent. No pudding on Sunday. No tea except if to keep me awake and then without sugar . . . No verses in Passion Week or on Fridays." It was not long before Undergraduate Hopkins followed famed John Henry Newman into the Roman Catholic Church, and within a year of graduation he entered the Jesuit novitiate. He had written poetry at Oxford, but before he took his vows he made a bonfire of his manuscripts. Worldly fame, he decided, was "a great danger . . .

as dangerous as wealth . . . and as hard to enter the kingdom of heaven with."

For seven years he wrote no poetry. Then one day a German ship with five nuns aboard foundered in the Thames estuary and the nuns were lost. At 31, with the approval of his rector, Hopkins went back to poetry to write a commemorative ode, *The Wreck of the Deutschland*. When the editor of a Jesuit periodical rejected it, Hopkins decided never again to ask for publication. But he sent many of his poems to his friend and fellow poet, Robert Bridges, and in 1870 he wrote Bridges: "If anyone shd. like, they might be published after my death."

Exploding Verse. In the age of Tennyson, Hopkins' poetry no doubt seemed strange and obscure to the Jesuit editor who turned it down. It is not easy reading today. One reason is Hopkins' abrupt rhythm—"sprung rhythm," he called it, which he chose "because it is the nearest to the . . . natural rhythm of speech." Another barrier between the casual reader and Hopkins' verse is his strange construction. He often used words out of their natural order, omitted connectives altogether. He also made up words (in-scape, scapish, instress).

He did not feel that poetry must always be immediately intelligible. He wanted his poetry "to explode" into meaning after several readings. And he realized that his, like all good poetry, should be read aloud: "Take breath and read it with the ears . . . and my verse comes all right."

As a Jesuit priest, Hopkins held down half a dozen posts before being assigned, in the last years of his life, to Dublin's University College as professor of Greek. The letters and poetry of these years show a saintly man whose failing health and introspective mind gave him little earthly happiness. "All impulse fails me," he wrote. "Nothing comes: I am a eunuch—but it is for the kingdom of heaven's sake." He took comfort in reflecting on the life of Christ, who, he observed, was "doomed to succeed by failure."

His last words, uttered at 44, as he lay dying of typhoid fever, were: "I am so happy, I am so happy, I am so happy."

Life in a Pajama Factory

7½ CENTS (245 pp.)—Richard Bissell—Atlantic-Little, Brown (\$3.50).

One of the best-tested axioms of the writing business is: "Stick to what you know." By sticking close to what he knows, and by being casual about it, Author Richard Pike Bissell, 39, has won a reputation as a highly readable fellow. *A Stretch on the River* (TIME, July 24, 1950) was a ribald first novel about the life Bissell had known as a Mississippi River pilot. In *The Monongahela*, he used more personal experience to pump some fresh water into the brackish Rivers of America series. More recently, Bissell has been working in his family's clothing factory in Dubuque, Iowa. The result is *7½ Cents*, a novel about life in an Iowa pajama factory.

The hero is Sid Sorokin, late of Chicago

A GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS SAMPLER

Pied Beauty

GLORY be to God for dappled things—
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoloured chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough;
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.

Duns Scotus's Oxford

TOWER city and branchy between towers,
Cuckoo-echoing, bell-swarmed, lark-charmed, rook-racked, river-
rounded;
The dapple-eared lily below thee; that country and town did
Once encounter in, here coped and poised powers;

Thou hast a base and brickish skirt there, sours
That neighbour-nature thy grey beauty is grounded
Best in; graceless growth, thou hast confounded
Rural rural keeping—folk, flocks, and flowers.

Yet ah! this air I gather and I release
He lived on; these weeds and waters, these walls are what
He haunted who of all men most sways my spirits to peace;

Of really the rarest-veined unraveller; a not
Rivalled insight, be rival Italy or Greece;
Who fire France for Mary without spot.

God's Grandeur

THE world is charged with the grandeur of God;
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reek his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights of the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs—
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings,



Touchdown on the moon

When the first space ship touches down on the moon, who will be its passengers?

Not the grownups of today, but our grandchildren or great-grandchildren.

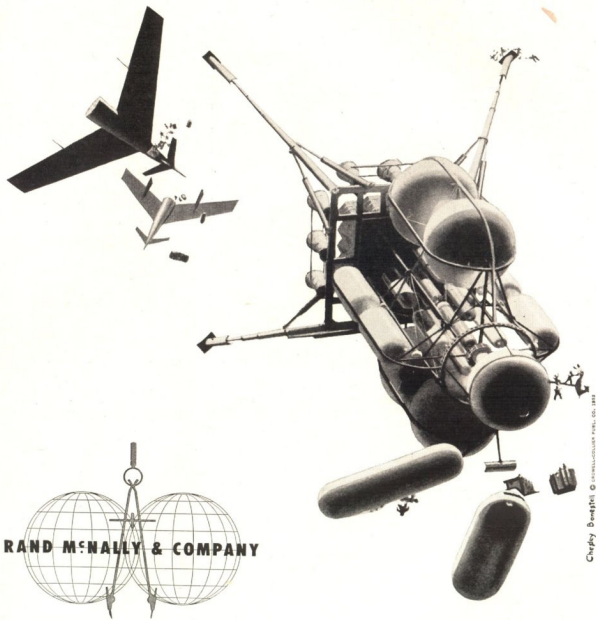
In their imaginations may lie the final answer to man's dream of conquering outer space. Books for the young that stimulate the imagination are a specialty of Rand McNally . . .

textbooks and books of nature, science and adventure. Who knows but that some youngster may find in a Rand McNally book the inspiration that will

lead another step closer to travel in space? And perhaps when

that first space ship touches down on the moon, the pilot will check

his bearings by Rand McNally maps.



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TIME, MAY 25, 1953

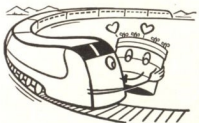
107

AIR-MAZING FACTS

BY O. SOGLOW



HOW STARS ARE REALLY BORN. They aren't!! They just grow and grow and grow. Astronomers say that pieces of dust floating in space unite with other pieces, keep growing bigger and bigger until they form a protostar—a baby star!



LOCOMOTIVES LOVE 'EM! Diesel locomotives run better, last longer when they're equipped with Air-Maze oil-bath filters on engine air intakes. They are typical of the many types developed by Air-Maze for specific industries.



MUM'S THE WORD! Air rushing through engine and compressor intakes often sets up disturbing sound

waves. Air-Maze filter silencers muffle the noise, help employees work better, keep the neighbors happy.

WHETHER YOU BUILD OR USE engines, compressors, air-conditioning and ventilating equipment, or any device using air or liquids—the chances are there is an Air-Maze filter engineered to serve you better. Representatives in all principal cities, or write Air-Maze Corporation, Cleveland 28, Ohio.

AIR-MAZE

The Filter Engineers

AIR FILTERS
SILENCERS
SPARK ARRESTERS

LIQUID FILTERS
OIL SEPARATORS
GREASE FILTERS

and Regal Pants Inc. Sid is plant superintendent for Sleep Tite now, and Sleep Tite (the Pajama for Men of Bedroom Discrimination) is booming. The trouble is that the union is demanding a 7½-cent-an-hour raise, and pulling a slowdown to get it. Sid's problem is complicated by the fact that his boss, Mr. Hasler, is determined not to knuckle under to the union, while Sid's girl, redheaded Babe Williams, is one of the union ringleaders.

In the hands of some novelists, these slight and slightly forbidding materials would send readers of all ages straight to their Sleep Tites. Author Bissell keeps his book moving by devices of his own—and by not worrying much about his plot. He sets the mood with chapter headings that consist of fine, nostalgic bits of flotsam from the Bissell memory (e.g., "No knowledge of music is necessary, merely place kazoo to lips and hum your favorite



John Reynolds

NOVELIST BISSELL

He sticks to what he knows.

tune"). His love scenes, which he plainly relishes, are never tedious. ("The question is," I said into the sweet smelling hair, "whether a man of my age could become a Hotel Executive without any previous training. Your hair smells like springtime in Comiskey Park.") And the conversation around the plant sounds almost as if it had been taken down on a recorder. ("Oh my god last week he went to Dr. Baumer and what do they find but a zist on the gooms. He couldn't hardly eat no Sunday dinner. A nice goose I had, too.")

Sid Sorokin gets fed up and quits Sleep Tite, taking his luscious redhead with him, but the exact resolution of the plot isn't really important to Author Bissell or anyone else. It is the natural talk, the sure feeling for the pace of Midwestern life, the shrewd humor of such scenes as the union picnic, that make 7½ cents, slight as it is, an oddly likable piece of Americana.



The line between Production and Destruction

often CARRIES THIS

FAMOUS SIGN

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Anchor Fence provides a sure way to guard your production—your plant, equipment, vehicles and employees—against destruction by thieves, vandals and agitators.

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For men who want the best. Comfort and fit never before experienced in shirts... truly your form in fabric.



Excello

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George Washington Never Sleeps Here!

How the money you put in the bank helps create more jobs for all

HERE'S A SHINY new '53 quarter just deposited with us. We want to show you what a big wheel it is—and how it never goes to sleep on the job of serving country, industry, and you.

Busy Money

This quarter, along with millions of others, might be earmarked for Grand Rapids and the manufacture of a new line of dining room furniture. Or, it might go directly to a small businessman right in your own community.

Take your local appliance dealer, for example—or the fellow who runs the

garage. He wants to expand his business to give you better service and, naturally enough, make a greater profit for himself. For the extra money he needs, he calls on a bank. *The bank of his choosing.*

14,000 Commercial Banks

And, he has a wide choice! That's because there are 14 thousand commercial banks in the United States with 164 billion dollars on deposit—money that's ready to serve American business.

Most likely, he'll pick one in his neighborhood that's as friendly as it is

helpful and experienced. Yes, competition keeps banks on their toes, too!

The humanness of a bank is important to each individual customer who banks there. But the job that commercial banks do is important to the entire nation. For, under our American system of competitive enterprise, *when money goes to work, people do too.*

In this way, banks help to maintain and strengthen this country's economy.

Chase National Bank is proud of the part it is playing in American progress.

The CHASE National Bank
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
(Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation)

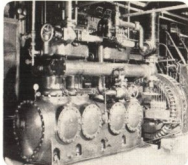
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it very dependable**

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Frick 4-cylinder ammonia compressor at D. L. Clark Co., Pittsburgh. Motor has 300 horsepower.

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There's hardly a business that cannot profit from the use of some Frick cooling equipment.

Let us quote on the system YOU need.



Also Builders of Power Farming and Sawmill Machinery



Fawcett of the Mato Grosso

LOST TRAILS, LOST CITIES (332 pp.)—Colonel P. H. Fawcett—Funk & Wagnalls (\$5).

On May 30, 1925, the green wave of Brazil's Mato Grosso Plateau closed for the last time over the head of Colonel Percy Harrison Fawcett, the famed British explorer. What happened to him then? One guess is as good as another, and the Sunday supplements have made them all. Was he killed by a wild animal? No evidence of that. Is he still held captive in the deep interior by Indians who believe him a god? So one old Indian woman declared a score of years ago. Or was he really murdered by the Kalapalos chieftain who confessed the crime (TIME, April 16, 1951)? The bones said to be Fawcett's were later proved to be those of another man. Then could Fawcett possibly have reached the mysterious lost city of "Z," the mother remnant of the pre-Andean civilization, which he was certain still stood in the darkest midmost of Brazil?

Last week, after seven expeditions and almost three decades of search for the famous adventurer and his party, the trail was cold, but the subject of Fawcett was not. Conceding at last that all hope of the colonel's return was gone, the Fawcett family has released for publication the memoir of his seven expeditions through the South American rain forest. It ranks as one of the major narratives in modern exploration.

Wisdom of Savages. Colonel Percy Fawcett first came to South America as a surveyor for the Bolivian government. Even then, at age 39, he was a stern, solitary man with childlike eyes and a mystical longing for primitive things. He found them: crocodiles everywhere, spiders that can catch birds, anacondas more than 60 ft. long that wall disturbingly in the jungle night, bloodsucking cockroaches, 2-in. biting ants, hordes of vampire bats, rivers full of stingrays, electric eels and shoals of tiny, man-eating piranha.

What the visible enemies left of a man, the invisible ones were ready to attack. Influenza, tertian fever, leprosy were all endemic, along with taneworm and a mysterious intestinal infestation that made its victim long to eat earth.

Fawcett arrived in 1906, toward the end of the great rubber boom, when "every ton of rubber gathered cost a human life." One economical German farmer personally murdered more than 40 Indian slaves in a batch, simply because they were too sick to work. When the Indians murdered a white man, his brother set out some tins of poisoned alcohol in a jungle clearing for bait, and the next day surveyed his catch: 80 dead Indians. Fawcett knew of a sick Englishman who, because he lay still, was assumed by the Indians to be dead; having got this idea in their heads, they decided that his groans were those of his spirit, and buried him alive.

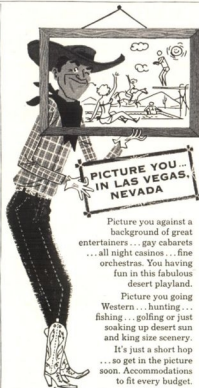
To the Indians, death seemed to be a



**GOOD
any old
time!**



**America's
largest selling cheese cracker!**
Sunshine Biscuits, Inc.



Picture you against a background of great entertainers... gay cabarets... all night casinos... fine orchestras. You having fun in this fabulous desert playland.

Picture you going Western... hunting... fishing... golfing or just soaking up desert sun and king size scenery.

It's just a short hop... so get in the picture soon. Accommodations to fit every budget.



laughing matter. They would roar with glee when their best friends came down with beriberi or were snapped out of dug-outs by the giant anacondas. Everybody, Indian or white, drank incredible quantities of *cachaça*, the local cane liquor, ate maggoty rice and dried meat, and sank deeper into debt.

Only the "savages," the forest Indians, remained human. Fawcett came to love their primeval sweetness and wisdom. They track their game by scent. Fawcett recorded, as an animal does, and call it to be killed with strange, alluring cries that the creature cannot resist. They fish by lacing the water with a caustic sap called *solimão*, that stuns the fish but does not poison their flesh. Fawcett also solemnly accepted the story that the Indians know of a



EXPLORER FAWCETT
He believed in "Z."

plant whose juices dissolve metal, and even make stone soft and workable.

The Jungle Grail. Fawcett rarely fell sick, never caught a serious disease. He had a close brush with a jaguar, but never, so far as he records, was bitten by a snake. Though often shot at, Fawcett was never hit by the 6-ft. poisoned arrows of the forest people; and once, when he and his mule fell off a log bridge into a rushing stream, he escaped, almost miraculously, without a scratch.

From 1909, when he quit the British army, until his disappearance, Fawcett was eyeclocked to a visionary goal: the discovery of the legendary city he called "Z." Stories of such a city are cherished by many Indian tribes, and there are also a few old travelers' tales which have some claim to be taken seriously. Most interesting to Fawcett was the account of a Portuguese (his name has been lost) who said

TIME, MAY 25, 1953



"Careful, Steve, don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler."

Old Smuggler BRAND

SCOTCH with a HISTORY

Q—Why do people say "Careful, don't waste a drop?"

A—Because the flavour of Old Smuggler is too precious to be wasted—and because it is so popular you may find your dealer temporarily out of stock.

Q—Why is it called Old Smuggler?

A—Because in ancient days the thrifty Scots bought their finest whisky from the "smugglers."

Q—Why is it Scotch with a history?

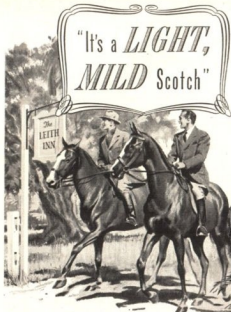
A—Because it was established in 1835 and perpetuates a colorful era in Scottish history. Ask for Old Smuggler the next time and read the complete story on the back label on every bottle.

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Protect

children and all else within your property lines against possible injuries or damage. Give youngsters outdoor freedom for play without fear of lurking dangers. For that protection choose Page Chain Link Fence — sturdy, long-lasting and good looking. Our profusely illustrated booklet gives information on how to select the right style of fence and gates for your home. It tells about the choice of metals to meet your need or preference. And it gives facts about the expert erecting service of your nearby Page Fence specialist. Write for booklet DH-406. With it we will send name and address of nearby member.

PAGE FENCE ASSOCIATION • Monessen, Pa.

that in 1753, after ten years of travels in the Amazonian wilds, he discovered a massive stone city of the sort built in Peru before the Spaniards came. Fawcett himself claimed that, on his next-to-last expedition, he had discovered an outpost of the city.

In such odd lights and glimmerings, Explorer Fawcett conceived his grail and followed it.

Return of the Native

THE MOON AND THE BONFIRES (206 pp.)—*Cesare Pavese—Farrar, Straus & Young* [\$3].

Cesare Pavese is the latest of the younger Italian novelists to be published in the U.S.—and the latest to be found looking at life in despair. In the last 40 pages of his novel, a Piedmontese peasant tramples his mistress and mother-in-law to death, sets fire to his hut, and hangs himself. An unmarried girl becomes pregnant, has an abortion and dies. Her half-sister turns prostitute and plays informer to both the Fascists and the partisans; she winds up in front of a machine gun and her body is burned in a brush pile. In 1950, at the age of 42, Author Pavese confirmed his bleak views of the human situation by committing suicide.

The Moon and the Bonfires is a return-of-the-native story in which Author Pavese develops a familiar 20th century theme, the need for roots. After 20 years of roaming, some of it in the U.S., his nameless narrator-hero comes back to the Piedmontese village of his boyhood. Born a bastard, he gets no prodigal's welcome, but the villagers who remember him are deferential before his hard-won rise to respectability. Wifeless and childless, he has few bonds with the future, is bent only on uncovering his links with the past.

Most of the links prove to be rusty or broken. His old employer is dead. And the employer's daughter, a girl who longed to marry well, has settled for a cheap cardsharp. The local priest is a sly opportunist, and the villagers are clamped in the narrow vise of ignorance.

Only the hard-bitten earth, the taste of bread and cheese, and boyhood's memories seem to have kept their force for the wanderer. Author Pavese writes of each of these with simple eloquence: "How often I'd seen the noisy carts go by, with women and boys lined up on them, going to the feast, to the fair, going to the merry-go-rounds . . . while I stayed . . . under the hazels, under the fig tree, on the parapet of the bridge, on those long summer evenings . . . Those were the evenings when a light—a bonfire on the distant hills—made me scream and roll on the ground, because I was poor, because I was a boy, because I was nothing."

In the end, the hero hardly knows whether he is sorer that he can't go home again or that he once left. By clenching his writing fist in melodramatic symbols and seizures at his own riddle, Author Pavese loses his grip on the realities he writes best about: the sun-drenched Italian soil and a small boy's growing pains.



Science Deals a *Death Blow* to Weeds

New chemical "weeders" keep farm crops free from destructive weeds. These specially developed Niagara herbicides destroy weeds in a variety of ways. Hormone type compounds, for example, make weeds grow themselves to death. Other formulations control weeds through dehydration and physical disintegration. Such wonder working chemicals, as well as the complete Niagara line of scientifically formulated insecticides and fungicides, are supplied to the various fields of agriculture by FMC's Niagara Chemical Division. This is an example of how FMC puts ideas to work through chemical research.



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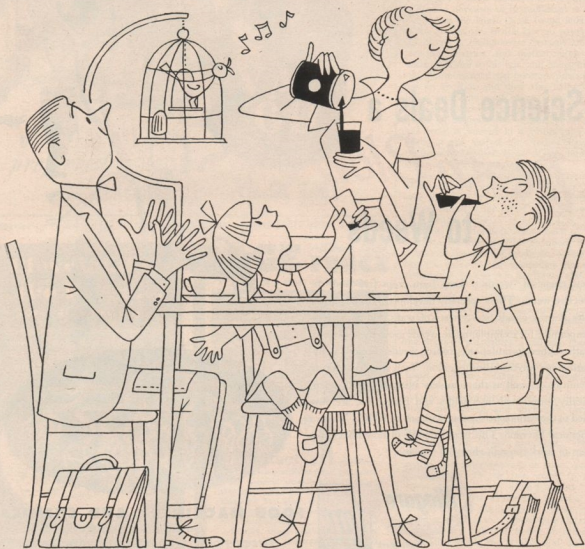


FMC FIRE FIGHTERS

How BIG is the

The market LIFE reaches with a single issue (11,880,000 households*) is big enough, all by itself, to consume the entire yearly production of most brands, many manufacturers, many entire industries.

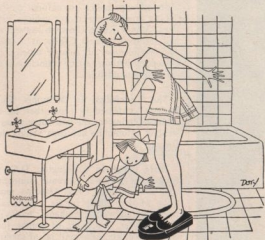
**Source: A Study of the Household Accumulative Audience of LIFE (1952), by Alfred Politz Research, Inc.*



For example, in the grocery field:

If, this year, the canners of vegetable juices sold just one 18-oz. can of tomato juice a week at 14¢ a can (or two 20-oz. cans at 2 for 31¢ every other week) to each of the households in LIFE's single-issue audience, sales to this group alone would exceed the total 1951 U. S. consumption of *all* vegetable juices combined.

LIFE market?



In one department store item:

If, this year, the makers of bathroom scales sold one \$6.95 unit to just one out of every six households reached by a single issue of LIFE, sales to this group alone would exceed the total 1951 bathroom scale sales of all manufacturers combined.



In the entire department store field:

If, this year, the 10 leading department store chains or affiliations (1881 stores) sold just \$325 in goods to each household reached by a single issue of LIFE, these stores would move more goods to this group alone than they moved all together in 1951.



In baby powder:

If, this year, just one out of every three households reached by a single issue of LIFE purchased a 49¢ can of baby powder every other month, sales to this group alone would exceed the total 1951 sales at retail of all manufacturers combined.

BIG Market... BIG Magazine

With its circulation of more than 5,300,000, LIFE is the biggest U. S. magazine that carries advertising. Each issue reaches into one-fourth of all U. S. households.

Advertisers recognize LIFE's bigness. As of March 31, 1953, for the 37th consecutive quarter-year period, LIFE led all other magazines in advertising revenue—and in the 1st quarter of 1953, led all media. LIFE's April 13th and May 18th issues each carried more than \$3,000,000 worth of advertising—a record for a weekly magazine.

Because LIFE is big *nationally*, it is big *locally*. In nearly every line of business, advertisers find LIFE most effective in selling at the retail level. Retailers tie in with LIFE more widely and more often than with any other medium.

LIFE

First in circulation
First in readership
First in advertising revenue

9 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. 20, N. Y.

MISCELLANY

Ruffles & Flourishes. In East Molesey, England, Butcher Shop Executive Stan Richards and his bride, after a formal wedding, left the church under an arch of soupbones held aloft by 14 meatcutters.

Boomerang. In Woonsocket, R.I., after ordering city police to enforce a strict "no-fix" policy on motor-vehicle violations, Mayor Kevin Coleman learned who had received parking tickets as a result: Mayor Coleman, his finance director, his personnel director, a city councilman, two state representatives.

The Specialist. In Memphis, Rubin Parham confessed in court that he had made his living for the past three years by stealing automobile hub caps, selling them for 25¢ apiece.

Dixie Treat. In Washington, D.C., the Bureau of Internal Revenue announced that it had seized some Alabama moonshine whisky, selling for \$2 a pint, made from the following ingredients: half a gallon of water, one quart of orange juice, two pints of gin, one small jar of sassafras flavoring, a dash of sugar, half a can of lye.

Neither Snow, nor Rain . . . In Oswego, N.Y., Mrs. Thomas Keefe finally received a postcard mailed April 8, 1911, in Lyons, N.Y., 35 miles away, by her brother Godfrey, who died 39 years ago.

Places of Business. In Chicago, Municipal Court Clerk George Luto, 47, was arrested for taking horse-racing bets by the information desk in city hall. In Fayetteville, Ga., four moonshiners were charged with operating three big stills on the farm of Revenue Commissioner Charles Redwine, Georgia's liquor-law-enforcement chief.

Night & Day. In Los Angeles, Walter R. Sprinkel, asking for a divorce, charged that his wife Clara lost his money on the horses during the day, insisted on sharing her bed with three pet cats at night.

New Leaf. In El Paso, Richard Marion, convicted of swindling nuns at a local orphanage while posing as an Army chaplain, told the court he had recently been released from Leavenworth, was only trying to get a fresh start.

Celebration. In Detroit, Dolores M. York, suing for a divorce, told the court that Cecil York married her last October, stopped after the ceremony to celebrate with a drink, has been "celebrating ever since."

The Breaking Point. In London, Drayman Joseph Howes gave up trying to persuade his rented pony Dolly to pull a heavily laden cart, unhitched her, tied her to the tailgate, pulled the load himself.



this IDEA from Remington Rand... cuts figurework time in half

Here's how the printed tape of the Remington Rand Printing Calculator helps cut figurework time in half.

The Remington Rand Printing Calculator figures, prints and proves simultaneously. The printed tape is always *right* up front, handy for sight check any time, positive proof of accuracy. There's never any need for time-consuming reruns. Figurework that's printed and proved as it's calculated is time-saving figurework . . . the proof of the figuring is in the printing. Speed and accuracy are further helped by the 10-key keyboard that permits touch operation. For

speed and accuracy in multiplication, division, addition and subtraction there's nothing to match the Remington Rand Printing Calculator.

Proved figurework by the Printing Calculator is only one profit-building idea that your Remington Rand representative can demonstrate in *your* office with *your* work and to *your* advantage. He has other ideas you may find profitable — ideas that use electronic methods, punched card systems, visual records. He is on call at your nearest Remington Rand Business Equipment Center. Make an appointment today to build profit.

GOOD EXAMPLE OF ACCOUNT ANALYSIS

The First National Bank of Fort Worth, Texas, saves 5 days a month by using the Remington Rand Printing Calculator in analysis work . . . analyses that previously took until the 10th of the month are now finished by the 4th or 5th. Send for the folder, "10 Keys to Speedier Banking," that tells this story. Call Remington Rand or write to Room 1908, 315 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 10.

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The classic example of Kentucky bourbon



Kentucky Tavern is Glenmore's matchless contribution to a magnificent way of life. Judges of fine whiskey, with many fine brands from which to choose, invariably point to it as the classic example of Kentucky Bourbon, thus underlining its world-famous hallmark: The Aristocrat of Bonds.

Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky



NO OTHER BOND CAN MATCH THAT KENTUCKY TAVERN TASTE

For a "special" sandwich...
start with SPAM



Wonderful new **SPAM**wich idea

... to ground SPAM add ground pickles (sweet or dill) to taste. Blend in mayonnaise to moisten... Or use SPAM just as it comes from the can. You can grill it, too, or fry it. Either way you get the matchless flavor of sweet tender ham with juicy pork shoulder, blended as only Hormel does it. Cold or hot, SPAM hits the spot.

YOUR BEST BUY... BECAUSE THERE'S HAM IN SPAM

SPAM is the registered trade-mark for a pure pork product packed in 12 oz. cans only by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

Hear MUSIC WITH THE HORMEL GIRLS—Saturday, CBS

